

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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3^d



—Painting by BERYL BISHOP BROWN.

"And we haven't shut the shop up yet"

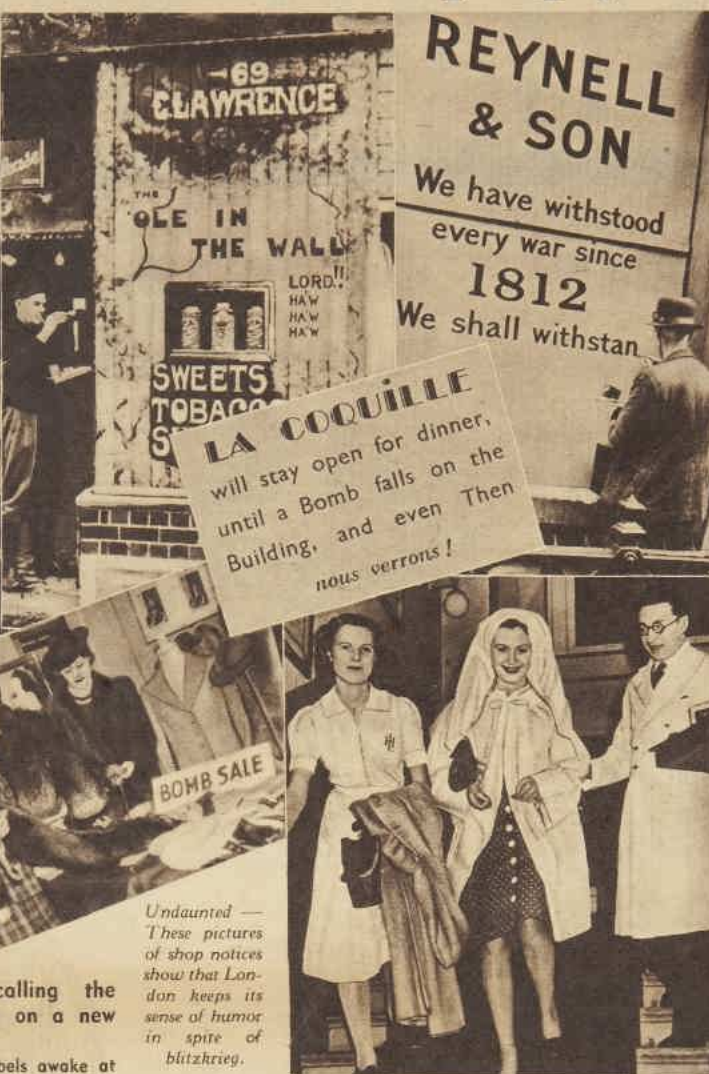


'Nation of shopkeepers' gives new slant to old slogan

That three-centuries-old wisecrack calling the English a nation of shopkeepers has taken on a new significance.

It is a significance which should keep Dr. Goebbels awake at nights.

As good a proof as any of corner of war-rationed news-papers. Retaining its dignified pre-war tone, a London dress shop advertisement



Undaunted — These pictures of shop notices show that London keeps its sense of humor in spite of blitzkrieg.

CLIENT in a London hairdresser's going to the shelter to continue her shampoo.



Make this a page from your life!

Perfect romance does not belong to fiction only—it is the birthright of every girl. To be born beautiful is not so important as to know the art of fascination—most of all, the irresistible appeal of a petal-smooth skin. For even an ordinary complexion takes on a smooth and pearl-like finish with Erasmic Face Powder. Delicate as chiton, Erasmic clings closely and evenly—its fragrance surrounding the wearer with a hint of an unforgettable charm.



ERASMIC FACE POWDER
(Peach, Rachel, Blumette, Sunkist and Natural)
ERASMIC CREAMS
(Vanishing and Cold) 1/4 Tube

E.8.27 a.

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



—Dept. of Air photo.
MISS MARGARET LANG
Air Force matron

FIRST matron-in-chief of the R.A.A.F. Nursing Service is Miss Margaret Lang, who resigned matronship of Melbourne Police Hospital to lead Air Force nurses. She is playing a large part in establishing hospitals at R.A.A.F. stations throughout the Commonwealth. Enlists all nursing personnel, is proud of her nurses, and allows them to wear silk stockings. She helped design their uniforms.



MR. JAMES ROOSEVELT
off for 'emergency'

ON active duty with the American Forces for the "duration of emergency," James Roosevelt, eldest son of President Roosevelt, sets off for camp. He is a captain in the Los Angeles Marine Corps. James has been his father's secretary, one of the most successful insurance brokers in the United States, earning an income more than three times the President's salary; and a Hollywood film executive.



—Spencer Shier.
MISS JULIA FLYNN
great work for teachers

AS chief inspector of State Secondary Schools in Victoria, Miss Julia Flynn, of Melbourne, is the only woman to hold a position of such importance in education in Australia.

"There is great work for administrators and teachers to do in preparation for post-war conditions, and education must be widened to aid in rehabilitating soldiers and war workers," she says.

tises "Leisure gowns for winter wear" in a popular monthly.

Small type in one corner informs the reader: "After the 'alert' has sounded we remain open until our roof-spotters give us the warning to take cover."

"Owing to 'foreseen circumstances,'" announces a beauty parlor, "we have been obliged to vacate our consulting rooms at 43 Conduit St., W1. In the meantime we have arranged to continue facial treatments, but by appointment only."

A fashionable night-club informs its patrons, "La Coquille will remain open until a bomb falls on the building, and even then, nous verrons (we shall see)."

Serious or flippant, dignified or defiant, they all reflect that incredible facility of the English for shrugging their shoulders in the face of danger.

"Bidding the Censor's pardon," says a firm which sells greatcoats, "but the weather is not as warm as it was. For officers in search of greatcoats we provide them ready for immediate wear, or we can make them to measure within 48 hours."

"Walking is delightful. Mr. Barratt, thanks to Hitler and you!" runs a large advertisement for a well-known shoe firm.

In the leisurely style characteristic of English advertising, it explains in dialogue form that the war has given England quiet roads to walk on, minus petrol fumes, and Mr. Barratt has provided comfortable shoes.

A shop selling billiard tables uses a masterpiece of understatement as an inducement to provide home amusement for the family.

"No fun out of doors now!" is its catch line.

One of the most famous fashion magazines in the world, still printed in London, draws attention to the fact that it carries 20 pages of advertisements, that most of its fashion photographs were taken

during "alerts," many to the accompaniment of not-so-distant gunfire.

Some frankly use war conditions as a build-up for the virtues of their wares.

"Shivers may do more harm than splinters," cry cough mixture manufacturers.

"Sound sleep is a better wartime tonic than all the others," points out a cocoa firm.

Business houses are adjured to buy double-decker bunks so that the staff may sleep in comfort in the office.

A drawing of a roof-spotter on the look-out for enemy planes is used by a rheumatism-cure manufacturer. "You can't hear this enemy," he says.

Ministerial advice

AMONG the commercial advertising is sprinkled that of the Ministry of Information, the Ministry of Supply, the Ministry of Food.

They range from what to do if your house is made uninhabitable by a bomb to four lines telling smokers "in the national interest to empty your packet at time of purchase and leave it with your tobacconist."

The Ministry of Food prints lists of the chief protective foods, recipes to use them to best advantage, advises soup for air raids, potatoes as warming and invigorating.

But most heartening of all to the rest of the watching Empire are those dogged firms which steadfastly ignore the war.

A well-known English monthly brought out for Christmas a special illustrated Gilbert and Sullivan souvenir . . . "so useful to amateur dramatic societies."

And, even happier, those price-lists of the seedsmen covering inches and inches in the dailies . . . rose trees, daffodil bulbs . . . time to plant now.

Truly, "Old John Bull is still alive and kicking. And we haven't shut the shop up yet."



ITALIAN PRISONERS in the Western Desert with an A.I.F. guard.
—Dept. of Information photo.

LEFT: Typical 1941 Digger, the type of boy who has written back from Bardia. "I wouldn't have missed it for quids."

"I wouldn't have missed it for quids..."

Heroes of Bardia made history—they write it in letters home

"Benghazi surrendered yesterday . . ." That was General Wavell's three-word despatch announcing the culminating triumph of his Cyrenaica campaign.

Such crisp official despatches, as well as vivid cables from war correspondents, have also told the stirring story of the A.I.F. at Bardia.

Now the heroes themselves are writing down the history they made in letters home, written from former Italian barracks, desert dug-outs, tents and hospital wards.

MANY of these letters which have arrived in the last week or two have been sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, and we print some of them on this page.

Staff-Sergeant A. McFarlane, of the Australian General Hospital, to his wife in Moonee Ponds, Vic.:

"WE have had a steady flow of our boys wounded from the Western Desert, and as they usually arrive at night you will realise we get little sleep.

"My boys are doing everything possible to make them comfortable. "I never felt so proud at being an Australian, nor so heavy-hearted in my life.

"This is the place to realise what war means, and what courage means.

"Boys and men with all manner of wounds and injuries are as game and as courageous as they make them.

"Just one example: A boy of not more than 21 years was carried in. The chances of his living on entering the hospital seemed very small.

"I spoke to him and asked, 'How was it, old chap?'

"He answered, 'I would not have missed it for quids. It was worth it.'

"Those words will stick in my brain for ever.

"It was worth it.' Just realise

the indomitable courage of the boy. That's the spirit of the Aussie boys.

"I pray God that when my time comes, in peace or war, I can look death in the face with that courage and say, 'It was worth it.'

"Thanks to the untiring work of the surgeon and sister looking after him, he made a miraculous recovery.

"Doesn't it make you feel proud of our men? I wish I could convey to you all over there the feelings of everyone in the unit."

Gunner Sid Hough to his father in Cheltenham, Vic.:

"A LETTER to you this time, for it's you I've been thinking of mostly these last few hectic weeks.

"All the hundred and one things that I experience, do, see, and think, I know that you have done, too—trying to snatch a few short hours' sleep, knowing what it is to be really fagged out, working feverishly all through the night, digging and bagging dug-outs, pits, etc., only to be abandoned next day with a 'push,' and then the same again.

"My first bombardment I couldn't describe.

"But as I ran and flattened, ran and flattened, one of my main thoughts was: 'My Dad has done this hundreds of times.'

"When things get 'hot' and bombers come diving, too, it's thoughts of you that make things so much easier.

"To-day was a great day for us. Bardia fell after a pretty hard tussle. We were outside for a long time,

having a great artillery duel for nearly a fortnight, and when the 'push' in did come the Aussies made it in fine style.

"My job is going well and I like the survey work, though you can bet we get some hair-raising tasks.

"For instance, a couple of days ago our party advanced with an infantry 'push-over' to survey a couple of points for new gun positions.

"Gee, I'll never forget that morning, and was I glad when our boys went on and cut the wire and 'fixed' their front line.

"Gosh, Dad, I'll hand it to our infantry boys. They sure can give and take it.

"You should see them go over. No mad tearing and yelling—just a steady, relentless plod on, on, on, with it falling pretty thick.

"I think that will be my one unforgettable experience. There will probably be more, but that first one will stick."

Private L. R. Carroll to his aunt, Mrs. M. Hayes, Forbes Street, Darlinghurst, N.S.W.:

"OUR battalion had one of the hardest jobs in the whole 'Divvy.' Our role was to draw all the fire while the other battalions went round behind them.

"In one little gully we were in they put over four shells a minute for an hour and a half.

"I've had enough hair-raising experiences to fill a dozen books. The posts we attacked were almost impregnable.

"They were situated in cliff faces and cemented in. It reminded me of the things I've heard about the pests of Gallipoli.

"They were well stocked with weapons. Out of Post 11 we took 400 men, 27 light machine-guns, 12 heavy machine-guns, dozens of anti-tank rifles, one dozen mortars, and a field gun and boxes upon boxes of ammunition.

"I've just had a wash to-day, the first for almost twelve days.

"You should have seen the beard I took off. It was almost long enough to plait. It was great to be able to take my boots off.

"We had Christmas dinner before we started the push. There was turkey, spuds, cabbage, pudding, etc. It was a great feed."

Continued on page 18

A DIGGER writes home . . . his letters are history.

How Many £s DOES YOUR BABY WEIGH?



You say that your little one is "worth his weight in gold". Don't you wish that were literally true? Why not start to make the dream come true. Open a Savings Bank account in baby's name: deposit a few shillings each week, and enjoy the thrill of watching it grow; the satisfaction of knowing that, in the critical days ahead your child will be able to face the future without the gnawing worry of financial uncertainty. Open an account THIS WEEK!

COMMONWEALTH
SAVINGS BANK
OF AUSTRALIA



GUNS OF England's coastal defences bark into the night, in defiance of invasion.

Waiting for Hitler

England's frontliners gay and confident

"We don't intend to run away,
Here we are and here we stay."

That was the motto I found all over Dover when I paid a week-end visit to England's front line—Folkestone, Dover and Deal.

Printed in gold, red, and black letters, it is tacked up over the mantelpieces in the homes of these people who live and work within sight of the Nazis and within reach of their long-range guns. They've got it stuck up in their offices and in their shop windows, too.



AT THEIR POSTS . . . on the Channel coast.

WHEN the threat of invasion first drove the population inland, those whose work and

homes demanded their presence made up their minds they'd stay, and having stayed they settled down to a new life on the militarised, fortified sea-front.

At Folkestone I went to a most elegant tea-dance where soldiers with revolvers in their holsters squirmed well-dressed girls.

Popular numbers, new steps and spring fashions combined to make the dance as bright as in pre-war days, though even as we danced patrolling R.A.F. planes brought down a Nazi plane.

The news was greeted with cheers. A waitress who served me with tea said, "Hitler'd like us to run off, but we're staying here, for we've got our soldiers and sailors to look after."

This waitress, Mabel Whitelaw, sent her mother, her married sister and her sister's babies away, and now lives

By Beam
Wireless from
MARY ST.
CLAIRE
Our Special
Representative
at Dover.



GUESS WHAT they're singing—yes, "There'll Always Be An England." The piano was salvaged from a wrecked home.

In the house alone with the spare rooms shut off.

She's a fire-bomb fighter two nights weekly, which means she has to look after at least six houses in the street for neighbors who have gone away.

Around the coastline I travelled by bus, and found men conductors had been replaced by efficient girls in smart uniforms.

I saw an occupied house among the deserted bungalows. A woman was hanging washing on the line. Stepping out of the bus I met the wife of Jack Lilliman, who is known to most children, for he's kept a sweets-shop on Folkestone Sands for years.

The shop is now fitted up with urns and Jack serves tea and pies to soldiers, many of whom remember him when they were kiddies holidaying there. Mrs. Lilliman showed me with pride hyacinths just flowering in the window-boxes like a gay gesture of defiance to the Nazis.

"You've only to look down there"—she waved her hand at the heavily defended coastline—"to know we are as safe as anyone."

It was dusk when I arrived at Dover, cradled between its white cliffs, its face scarred by bombs and shells.

Gay as Piccadilly

BUT Dover is as gay as Piccadilly was before the blackout, for everywhere there are naval men, soldiers, pretty girls of the Royal Naval Service and A.T.S., thronging the picture houses and cafes.

The Hippodrome Theatre has only closed two nights since the war, and that was when a time-bomb lodged close by.

It might be the Opera House, Paris, so brilliant is the scene inside.

Some highly-salaried artists have refused to play on the Hippodrome's stage because invasion threat and bombardment scared them away, but the theatre has kept going with lesser lights and more appreciative audiences to make up for any lack of stellar talent.

The gateway to England is guarded by her naval, military and air forces, by Home Guards and A.R.P. workers.

Dover's civilian population on Sunday wheeled their babies in prams along the sea-front between barbed wire and empty boarding-houses.

High up on the cliff-tops soldiers, sailors, and girls of the Royal Naval Service and townspeople quietly set off for church.

The chaplain's inspiring sermon did not mention war, but traced the footsteps of St. Paul, while outside sirens wailed.

Symbolical of the front-line's faith in the beating back of any invader was a collection which went to buy a new cloth for the sanctuary.

It was just another outward sign of the determination of the people right on the doorstep of England to carry on their lives as closely as possible in the pattern of their peacetime days.

OH, BOY! THAT'S WHAT I CALL WHITENESS!

RINSO'S A WINNER, HONEY!



AND LOOK AT LAST YEAR'S FROCK! ISN'T IT GAY? RINSO KEEPS COLOURS BRIGHT AS A SPRING MORNING!

AN EXTRA PACKET OF RINSO FOR WASHING-UP, SAYS I! THOSE SUDS SHIFT GREASE LIKE LIGHTNING.

BET YOU THOUGHT THESE SILKS AND WOOLLIES WERE NEW! THAT'S RINSO WASHING FOR YOU!



The answer to the housewives' prayer—easier, quicker washing days with RINSO! Those extra-rich suds take care of everything in the wash—from sheets to sheerest stockings! And how they last! They don't stop working till your wash is cleaner, sweeter and brighter than ever before. A toast to the biggest time, work and money-saving washing product on the market—Rinso!

GIVES RICHER, LONGER-LASTING SUDS

A LEVER PRODUCT.

4386 77a

SCORCHED WINGS

WITH its huge motor, its stub wings and its freak body, the little yellow plane looked clean and hot and murderous.

As he walked out onto the field, Rocky Henderson was aware that the young man who was buying this dangerous toy was standing near a long ivory roadster and grinning with excitement. He was a gay-looking young man. His name was Spencer Coleman. The girl who sat in the roadster was pretty and gay, too, and she was his fiancée.

They seemed to think it was a great lark. Well, perhaps it was, Rocky sourly reflected.

The mechanics who had worked on the little yellow plane were beginning to drift out of the factory for the show. Harry Melville, president of Melville Aircraft, was standing near the yellow ship, smiling easily. It was a hard and charming smile and it had carried Harry Melville through many bad moments.

"Look, Rocky," he said gently, because of the look in the test pilot's eyes, "you understand, of course, that we contracted to build this ship and test her for stability and nothing else. Don't open her up or do anything fancy."

The pilot's hard blue eyes still had that squint. He drawled: "With all the war orders you're piling up, why do you build these deathtraps? It's all right to build experimental jobs for yourself, but not for these amateurs."

Harry Melville shrugged. "I know how you feel, Rocky. And I don't like to build these freaks, but there's a long profit in them, and if a man insists on paying me seventy-five or a hundred thousand for an experimental racing job built according to his ideas, I'll take his business rather than let it go across the street. And I'll do my best."

Rocky jerked his head toward the ivory roadster. "How much time has this kid had?"

HARRY MELVILLE looked at Rocky's hard blue eyes a moment longer and said, clipping it, as he walked away: "You might ask his mother."

Rocky Henderson had earned a reputation for hardness and coldness and dependability. What his feelings were when he was rocketed into the air in these fragile ships that sometimes disintegrated in mid-air he concealed beneath that hardness.

But this was not to be that kind of test, and he resented it. He squeezed himself into the tight little cockpit. A mechanic spun the prop. With an abrupt spatter of explosive sound, the big engine caught, steadied to a sullen, smooth roar. Rocky felt the engine out carefully. He presently opened the throttle and felt the little racer strain impatiently against the brakes.

Rocky released the brakes and the ship began to roll on its fat little wheels. From now on, he knew, anything might happen.

He taxied down the field, turned into the wind and gave it the gun. The engine roared exultantly, and the racer swept forward. It picked up speed fast and leaped from the ground.

Everything was all right. He detected no fault on the take-off. He put the racer into a shallow climb

• Arresting story of test pilot Rocky, who was brave enough to fly freak planes, but too scared to declare his love.

**BY GEORGE F. WORTS
and PANCHO BARNES**
(America's No. 1 Test Pilot)

Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES



Tense and terrified, Sylvia stood watching for the white mushroom of a parachute to appear.

Rocky looked at him without visible emotion and said: "That makes you quite a veteran."

"I'd like to try her now." "You'd better come into the office first," Harry Melville said amiably, "to take formal delivery. Company rules, you know."

Rocky walked over to his roadster. His bull pup, Oscar, welcomed him with ecstatic wriggles and whimpers. The test pilot said sourly: "It's all on the level, Oscar, but I sold out. They should have let me give it the works. The kid's got three hundred hours and three million dollars, and he's a nice kid and he has a nice girl and their whole life is ahead of them. But the gadget will kill him, Oscar."

Spencer Coleman was walking rapidly from the office toward the little yellow ship. Rocky started his car, but decided to wait. He watched the young man snug himself down into the cockpit.

Rocky was not aware of holding his breath when Coleman started the little yellow ship down the runway. It was moving steadily, gathering speed, when suddenly it veered slightly to the right.

"Oscar," Rocky said, "if he will just remember what I told him about that rudder—"

THEN the wheels left the ground and the ship was in the air. The test pilot relaxed a little. Spencer Coleman banked into a right turn. Rocky strained forward and gripped the steering wheel.

He said harshly: "Get that nose down! Get it down!"

In a flash of yellow the racer whipped up on one wing. The motor sputtered. For an endless awful second the plane seemed to hang motionless in the air. Then it came crashing in sideways. It struck the field in an explosion of dirt and slid sideways for almost five hundred yards. Spencer Coleman climbed out, evidently unhurt.

Rocky took a deep breath, held it a moment, and said: "Well, Oscar,

you've just seen a miracle. He didn't give her a chance. It was his own fault."

In the opinion of many fliers, Rocky Henderson was the most capable test pilot in the country. He had flown in the Army for a number of years, then had become interested in speed flying. To the public, he had become something of a hero. He was hired by one of the large oil companies to fly fast ships using the company's gasoline and oil. He broke the non-stop coast-to-coast record.

He had been working for Melville for a little over a year and received the highest salary paid to any test pilot, largely because of the prestige his name lent to Melville ships. Rocky was thirty years old.

Everyone knew all this. What no one knew was that Rocky's appearance and manner were living lies. His hardness was a shell. In his heart he knew he was a coward, because he was afraid of so many things. He was afraid of heights, of cats, of women, of ptomaine poisoning and of aeroplanes. When he was testing a new ship he was usually, beneath his nonchalant manner, terrified, and this made him an excellent test pilot—he was so sensitive to every possible source of danger.

In spite of his feelings he stayed with a ship until the last awful moment, watching it tear itself to pieces bit by bit, and as he watched he made careful mental notes. When his chute finally dropped him to earth he knew, and reported in infinite detail, just why that ship had gone to pieces.

When Spencer Coleman crashed, Rocky was absent without leave for three days. On the morning of the fourth he appeared in Harry Melville's office with an unmistakable pallor, a certain shakiness of manner and the look of a man with a bad taste in his mouth.

Harry Melville looked him over

with his hard, attractive grin, and said, "Where have you been?"

"Am I fired?" Rocky answered.

"Now, Rocky, keep your shirt on," Harry Melville said. "Of course you're not fired. If you want to go prima donna now and then, it's all right as long as you don't fall behind. These pursuit jobs are coming along—and I've got a job for you that'll give you a real kick."

"Another amateur?" Rocky inquired suspiciously.

"Well, yes and no. We're to build a racing ship for Sylvia Corbin. You've heard of her, of course."

"She's the fool bimbo," Rocky said, "who holds the female loop-the-loop record, which is a fool record."

"And she is the daughter," Harry said, "of the man who owns all the pig-iron in Pittsburgh. And you're to teach her speed flying."

ROCKY was nodding slowly. "I see."

He placed his big brown hands flat on the desk and said in his deep, rumbling voice: "Let me make a suggestion, Harry. Hold a gun on any amateur who wants you to build a racing ship. Make him sign a cheque and then knock him over the head. It would save time and materials."

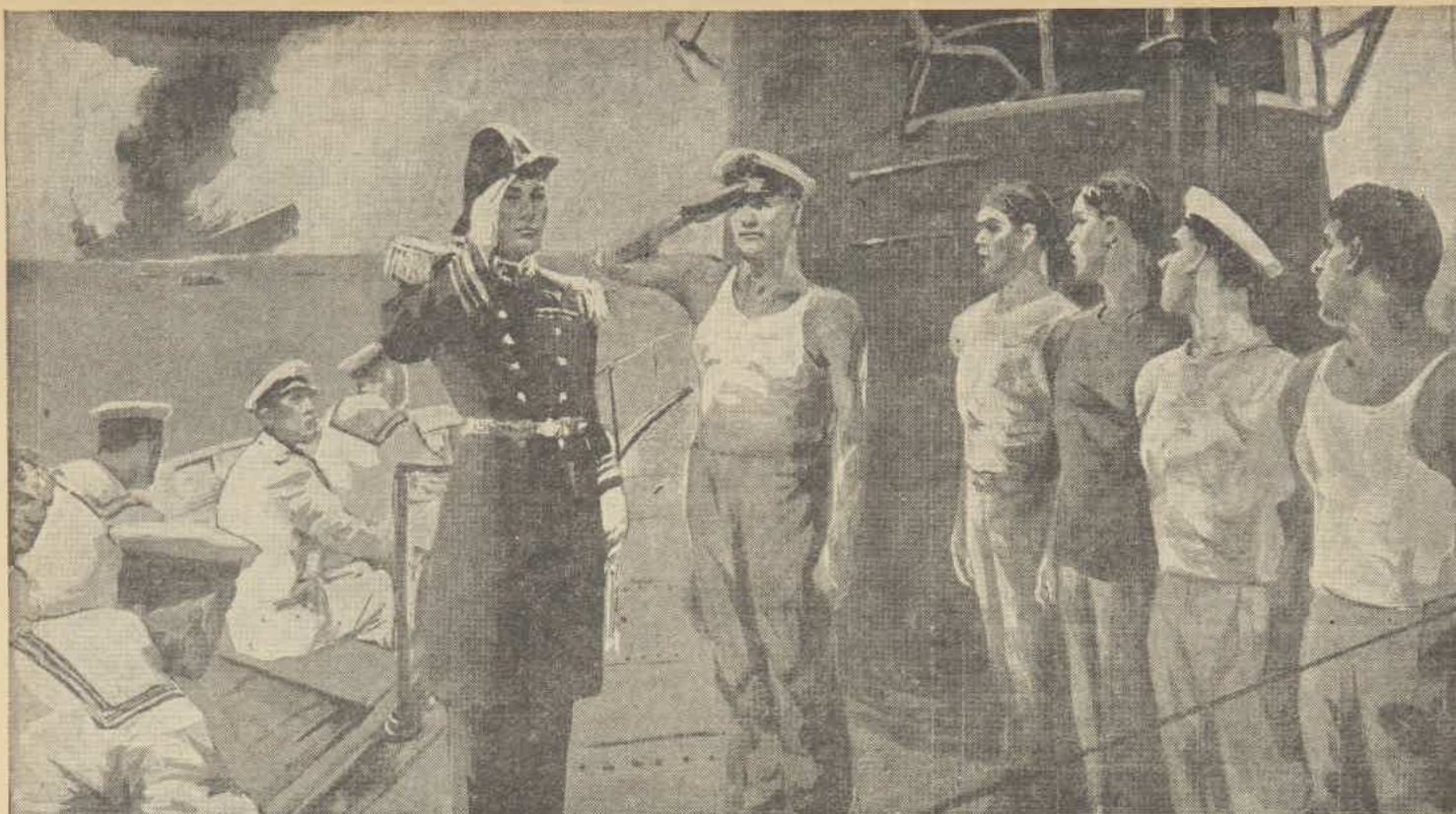
Harry tilted back in his chair and looked at Rocky and raised his eyebrows. "It's a good idea. I'll put it up to the stockholders."

The door opened and a girl in coveralls came in. She was smiling. She was thin, small and jaunty, and her smile was sunny. She had a freckled, slightly tip-tilted nose, blonde hair and sapphire-blue eyes with the shimmer of electricity in them.

Harry got out of his chair and said: "Here's your man, Miss Corbin. Rocky, this is Sylvia Corbin."

She held out her hand to Rocky. She laughed and said: "So you're Rocky Henderson." She seemed amused by his grim, deeply carved face, but a trifle uncertain. She glanced at Harry Melville and said: "Have you shown Mr. Henderson the plans for my ship?"

Please turn to page 16



Illustrated by VIRGIL

Never had a captain been welcomed by such a motley group.

ONE light cruiser and a submarine to challenge the might of the Nazi pocket battleship, Admiral Schroder! Such was the grim task entrusted to the cruiser *Perseus*, commanded by CAPTAIN BLAIR, and the submarine *Petard*, under LIEUTENANT - COMMANDER HOWE.

For months, in the vast expanses of the Indian Ocean, the two vessels keep their anxious vigil, desperately fighting the deadly boredom which threatens to become an additional formidable foe. Then, as a prelude to greater action, the *Perseus* captures the oil tanker *Momus Maru*, allegedly a neutral vessel, but actually on its way to fuel the Admiral Schroder.

Captain Blair puts a prize crew, under LIEUTENANT - COMMANDER JOHNSON, aboard the *Momus Maru*, ordering Johnson to proceed to Colombo. Some time afterwards the enemy, Admiral Schroder, is sighted and battle is joined.

The *Perseus*' planes are catapulted for action, but, though the cruiser puts up a splendid showing, she is outgunned and outclassed, and takes heavy punishment before the *Petard* has a chance to operate. Captain Blair decides to take temporary refuge in his smoke-screen, but before he can enter it the ship takes another severe hit.

NOW READ ON:

FOR one agonised moment Captain Blair thought that the end had come. No hope now of reaching the refuge of the screen. The death blow would surely come swiftly and mercilessly.

Then suddenly he saw his two planes race across the range, close in toward the cruiser, trailing their smoke out behind them. At a crucial moment his planes hadn't failed.

He hadn't seen them return from the chase. There had been no orders. But the practised eye of the senior pilot, Peterson, had instantly recognised the emergency. From out of the sky the lacy white curtain dropped toward the sea. They were mercifully hidden from their enemy.

All firing ceased.

Captain Blair took the telephone away from his talker to speak directly with the damage control officer in central station.

"What is the extent of our damage?" he asked.

"Turret One is out of commission," the damage control officer replied. "She took a direct hit on the face plate. Everybody in the turret chamber was killed and the turret jammed in train. The handling-rooms were not damaged. We have

a few tons of water aboard up forward from the first hit, and a little port list. I'm taking it off by shifting fuel oil.

"I haven't had complete reports from the last two hits, but the forward boiler-room seems out of commission." He seemed relieved that the damage was no more extensive. He had drilled at casualties worse than this.

The engineer officer's voice came over the phone. He had evidently been waiting to report.

"We took a hit in the forward boiler-room," he reported. "Both boilers there are damaged beyond repair and everybody in the boiler-room was killed either by the shell or the steam. The after boiler-room is all right, but the man on the port bulkhead stop valve was killed before he could get it fully closed.

"We have steam right now on only one boiler, but in ten minutes I'll have steam up in the other one and we can still make twenty knots."

It could be worse, Captain Blair reflected as he asked the gunnery officer to report. Twenty knots was only six less than the *Schroder* could make when she was built. The engineer officer was conservative. He would probably make her do considerably more than twenty when the time came.

"I've still got six good guns,"

Lieutenant - Commander Fields, the gunnery officer, reported. "I've just ordered the handling-room crew of Turret One to transfer ammunition to the other turrets."

Blair remembered that Fields had always feared getting into a long-range engagement and shooting himself out of ammunition. At the rate at which he had been laying down his salvos it wouldn't take the *Perseus* very long to empty her magazines.

He reflected wryly that it was only a day or two ago that he had rebuked Fields for letting the loading time of the turrets fall off.

"Nice shooting this afternoon, Fields," he interjected. "You might meet Turret One's ammunition yet at the rate you have been getting them off."

Fields was almost speechless at the captain's rare words of praise. "Both port anti-aircraft guns were dismounted by that last hit," he continued, "but the starboard ones are still intact. The port torpedo tubes were destroyed. The gunnery department is ready to continue the action," he concluded.

ENEMY SIGHTED

With action raging fiercely, our dramatic serial of sea warfare comes to a stirring conclusion.

He had hardly finished before he was aware that the *Schroder* was ready and willing to continue also. He heard the dull boom of her guns. The salvo landed over and a little way to port.

The smoke seemed as thick as ever but suddenly there was a little rift. He caught a glimpse of the enemy's plane. Their topmasts must occasionally show to the plane and she was directing the fire.

"Captain!" Fields reported. "The enemy's plane is spotting through the smoke screen."

"Very well," the captain replied. That enemy plane was persistent. It must have returned to its station immediately after having been driven off.

"Order the planes to attack the enemy aircraft," he directed the radio-room.

High aloft the *Perseus*' two planes got the word over the radio telephone immediately. Both of them were out of the smoke. Peterson commenced flying in a wide circle waiting for his wing man to join up in

aware of his danger. He nosed his plane down, turned sharply to the left and streaked into the smoke screen. It was an unexpected manoeuvre and the *Perseus*' planes were still too far away to interfere. The smoke that hid the *Perseus* served equally well to conceal her enemy.

But Peterson, from his previous contact with him, thought he could predict what his antagonist was going to do. He would retreat again to the protection of the *Schroder*'s anti-aircraft guns. Peterson refused to be drawn into the muck of the smoke where anything might happen. He wheeled his formation and stood out beyond the edge of the screen.

Sure enough, the enemy plane came out of the smoke like a hare breaking cover, flying very close to the water to prevent an attack from below. Peterson let go a few bursts from his machine-gun to warn it up. It wouldn't be long now. He raised his arm in signal.

He could see that his wing man had already eased out of formation and was flying abreast of him, ready for the next phase of the attack.

"Here we go," he shouted. He nosed his plane down. Both planes came down at a sharp angle, one on either side of the tail of the retreating enemy. With the speed of their descent they were overtaking him rapidly.

Peterson was aware of the observer in the after cockpit of the enemy plane pointing a gun in his general direction. With an attacking plane on either side he couldn't keep both of them under fire. One of them should surely get him.

At about a hundred and fifty yards Peterson opened up. He could see the smoke of his tracers in the air. The stream of bullets hit the water at first, then the stabiliser, and creeping up sewed a seam of machine-gun bullets along the fuselage.

It was over in an instant. At this altitude there was no spectacular flaming wreck. The enemy plane nosed over sharply and immediately met the water in one mighty splash.

She was gone. And not a moment too soon. Above him Peterson could see the white shrapnel burst of the anti-aircraft from the *Schroder* as he wheeled to retire.

For the *Perseus* the immediate menace was removed, but her security was temporary and very precarious. It would only be a matter of a little while before the smoke would commence to drift and dissipate. She was stopped in the densest part of the screen, the preparations to make her ready going ahead with feverish haste.

The planes had no sooner begun to attack, however, than the *Petard* came steaming through the fog of smoke. She was close aboard. On the bridge of the *Perseus* they could hear the clatter of her engines. From the few scattered men on the deck of the cruiser a ragged cheer arose.

There was a lone officer on the bridge of the submarine. He waved his cap at the cheering men on the decks of the battered cruiser. He had been poised for instant submergence since the *Perseus* had signalled that the enemy had been sighted.

Below, all hands were at their battle stations and he alone with his quartermaster kept the bridge. It was of the utmost importance that he keep his fifteen knots surface speed as long as possible, and he was grateful for the smoke that enabled him to do so.

When the *Perseus* loomed up through the muck he ordered the quartermaster below. It was time to dive. He didn't dare hold on any longer.

A glance had told him of the beating the cruiser had taken. The forward turret was trained out away from the others. The midships was a shambles, and, worst of all, she was stopped. He felt the gripping necessity of haste, haste and a sure approach, or the *Perseus* wouldn't survive much longer.

As Howe slid down the hatch he sounded the diving alarm. "Take her down. Fifty feet," he ordered.

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By ALEC HUDSON

the echelon formation they had agreed upon for the attack. They had spent a great deal of time during the long months the *Perseus* was at sea talking over just what they would do to meet certain situations.

The second plane was alert. She was in position before Peterson had completed the first circle. Peterson dropped his smoke tank. It went tumbling end over end into the sea. No need being loaded down with useless impediments. Their smoke mission was ended. He had pleaded for an attack mission. Now he had got it. It was up to him to make good. There was a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach nonetheless.

They were speeding towards the enemy plane now and gaining altitude rapidly to get above their antagonist. He was far out beyond the edge of the screen, wheeling and circling, intent on his efforts to get a glimpse of the *Perseus*. So intent he was that at first he didn't notice their approach.

Suddenly the enemy pilot became

Dramatic Short
Story...

By ... PUTNAM FENNEL JONES

PAYMENT
IN FULL

NO family. That was Ray's trouble from the start. He'd always been alone, and he'd never liked it. The ache burned in.

When he was a little boy of nine, his father and mother died and he went to live with an aunt. At twelve, when the aunt moved away and left him, he slept in a store-room. At fifteen he ran errands for Ned Corcoran, who gave him a room over his garage, with an iron bed and a mattress. That was an experience for Ray. It was almost like belonging to someone.

Then, at twenty-five, well . . . Late on a November afternoon he climbed the stairs of the Monarch Apartments. When he got to 26B he took off his hat, which was dripping from the rain outside, and put his ear against the door. He smiled quietly and nodded. Mary was in the kitchen. He tiptoed across the threshold, easing the door shut behind him.

The small living-room was warmly lighted. Now that the days were shorter Mary turned on the lights before he got home. Her sewing lay on the couch beside the maple desk they'd stained, and a copper bowl winked redly from the gate-leg table. Ray's eyes, deep blue with happiness, tasted all this. It was his home.

He stole through the hall to the kitchen. Mary's back was turned and her dark head was bent over the stove. He stepped close and drew her into his arms, brushing a kiss along her throat.

She leaned against him. "Thief!" she whispered. "Will I ever catch you?"

"Six months ago," he answered. "Remember?"

She looked up, and her eyes were eloquent. Though Ray himself was short, her chin barely reached his shoulder. Like her mother, and unlike her father and brothers, she was small and exquisitely formed, with grey eyes, and a mouth that smiled in soft curves.

He released her and asked: "What's doing? Any news?"

"Oh, yes. I meant to tell you. Terry called. He's coming over to-night. He wants to talk to you."

Ray's face brightened. "Terry? That's good!"

The quick note of pleasure brought a flush to Mary's cheek. She touched his chin with her fingers. "See?" she said. "They do like you."

"I suppose so," he murmured, glancing away. "Just needed to get used to me, perhaps."

He went and hung up his coat. His eyes were thoughtful, but with an eager light. At last, perhaps, the Malones were warming towards him.

Terry Malone was the youngest of Mary's three brothers. He was a year older than Ray, and a junior attorney with Boggs and Gurton, downtown. A promising youngster, everybody said. He'd been pleasant to Ray than the rest of the Malones, though he'd avoided the little apartment. In fact, the whole family had held themselves aloof, as if waiting to be sure of something.

What they expected of him, Ray didn't know. He was doing his best as an investigator for the City Law Department. He earned his salary.

Terry arrived at eight, as Ray and Mary were finishing the dishes. He ruffled Mary's hair with one hand, and crushed Ray's fingers in the other.

"Hi, love birds," he said grinning.



Illustrated by DES CONDON

"You must be terribly hungry," said the girl, when Ray came again to her table.

"Don't offer me champagne, don't pour any whisky, I'm in a hurry."

He was big, an inch or two over six feet, with bold features and dark, jutting brows. His eyes were blue and pale, his lips mobile. His mouth was less firm than was common in his family—an inheritance from his mother, perhaps—but his expression was lively and good-humored. Ray had always liked him.

Terry dragged his sister onto the couch beside him. "Sit here, Tiny," he said, "while I talk business with your old man." He swung around to Ray. "I hear they've given you the Wollinski claim to check."

"Yes, I'm starting it to-morrow."

DID you know I was Wollinski's attorney?"

"Your name's on the bundle."

"Um," Terry said. He lowered his eyes and scuffed the rug with his toe. "Look Ray—that claim was fair and square, and the City settled it out of court. But I may have overlooked a point. If you find anything that isn't—well, clear—give me a chance to explain it. Will you, before you make your report?"

"Certainly. But we're not trying to pick faults, Terry. It's the wind-

lers we're after. There's nothing to worry about."

Terry shrugged. "I'm remembering what you did to Howie Evans. They'll disbar him even if he keeps out of gaol."

"That job of his was pretty shady."

"Um," Terry said again. "I suppose it was." He was silent for a moment, then stood up. "Well, you'll keep in touch with me?"

"Of course. Call you at home?"

Terry stopped with his hand on the knob.

"Ah! That reminds me," he said. "We'd like you two at the house for dinner to-morrow night. Everybody will be there. Can you make it?"

"You bet!" Ray answered, holding his voice steady. "And . . . thanks, Terry. I'll bring the report."

"Fine," Terry nodded. "Be seeing you. Good night, Sis." He stepped into the hall and closed the door.

Ray turned. He was struggling with a grin, and there was a sweep of red under his freckles. "That's good, eh? To ask us, I mean."

Mary didn't answer for a moment. Her eyes were on the door and she was frowning. At last she murmured, "Terry's frightened to death!"

"Rubbish! He's all right."

She smiled at him uncertainly. "You're nice, Ray," she said, reaching for his hand. "You believe in people, don't you?"

Ray was slow getting to sleep that night. He lay staring up into the darkness, reflecting how much he had now, after the bitter loneliness of his childhood. He could remember the black nights when he'd wished he could die, when he'd ground his knuckles into his eyes and told himself you were better dead if you hadn't a family like other boys.

BUT one day Ned Corcoran saw him and asked a few questions. People said: "He ought to be in the Home." Ned swore, then gave Ray some clothes, and a place to sleep. He let him sweep the office and carry messages to the district leaders. Ray worshipped the old man, especially after a talk they had.

Said Ned, one afternoon when they were alone: "You're all right, young fellow. When you're older, we'll fix things for you." He chewed at his cigar. "You're not big, but you're quick. Want to be a councilman some day? It'd be a start."

Ray stammered, "Y-y-yes, sir."

Corcoran nodded and said, "Keep your eyes open, then, and your ears. Maybe read a little: you have to know things. Go to church and say hello to people. And listen: it's not hurting you that you're honest."

And so, when he was eighteen, Ray went down to City Hall with Ned's letter in his pocket. They put him into the Tax Appraiser's office first, then Public Works, and finally the Law Department. They liked him at City Hall and he was learning how cities are run.

He learned other things, too. He listened to people talk and noticed the clothes they wore. He asked questions, lots of them, and what he couldn't find out that way he dug out of books. He read a great deal in those years, mostly history and civics, and he made sense of what he read.

As Ned had recognised, he had a quick mind, so that he grasped facts and ideas readily. He was modest about it, but he wanted Ned to be proud of him. He thought that was enough to live for.

Till he found Mary Malone, that is. Thereafter he wanted a good deal more.

He met her at a church bazaar. She was in a booth selling sandwiches and coffee, and she had on a fancy dress.

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ONE PATH TO TREAD

Even as Guy first kissed her, Mary knew that he was only saying good-bye.

Illustrated by WEP

DR. MARY HATHAY woke up, shot up into a sitting position in a strangely luxurious bed, and regarded the softly flickering, goldy-green shadows on the pale silver wallpaper with puzzled concentration.

After a moment she said stupidly, "Oh—of course! I needn't get up —" and sank back relievedly against the crepe-de-chine pillows.

Her curly hair lay fanwise across the pillow. Her small, tired, white face with its deep shadows under her closed eyes—and the long, thick lashes that intensified those shadows—was like one of those weary little white violets one finds under a hedgerow in the spring.

She was small and slim and thin, and possessed with a burning energy, an energy she had lived on and worked on for the last three of her twenty-nine years. Ever since she had taken the post of Assistant Medical Officer at Benders Row Clinic, East London, she had lived on energy and very little else.

She had lost her individuality in work. There had seemed no time for anything else. Where Dr. Sarah had led she had followed, and Doctor Sarah, fifty years old, a big-boned Scotswoman, never seemed to tire.

Mary tired. She was tired all the time, but she could not give in. It seemed that, once you arrived at Benders Row, you had a nervous breakdown or hysteria in the first month and left, or you stuck it. And, if you stuck, there was only one path to tread so long as there was an ailing or malformed child, or an undernourished woman waiting in that long, dim waiting-room with its hard chairs and shabby green paint. And there always was, every day. Endless rows of them.

Women; women with babies; tiny

The hard road of duty, or a gay, carefree life — she must choose between them, to win his love.

children; fevers in the summer; chests, chills, and pneumonia through the winter; malnutrition and the need of rest all the time.

The door would open with a sharp clang, and there would be another patient. Sometimes on winter afternoons, when the waiting-room was crowded, and their inadequate heating apparatus smelled and spluttered, Mary would dream of a day when that waiting-room would be quite empty; when they would all be well; when no one would need her and she would go away and rest.

But it was only a dream, and, until it became reality, there was only one path to tread.

That summer diphtheria had stalked like a black beast through the Benders Row district. The patients seemed to come in swarms.

"I wish you'd have a look at the baby," Doctor. Seems to have no life in him — and Tom says his throat hurts, too.

Patiently, carefully, Mary would persuade the stubborn, small mouth to open to take a swab. Sometimes there was no need to take one. The presence of the infection was obvious, and the child was hurriedly packed off to the fever hospital. All the afternoon she and Dr. Sarah would be injecting serum.

It went on and on, and June flamed to heatwave. Benders Row grew narrower and dustier, the chaff from the stables in the great carrier's yard opposite filled the air. The waiting-room reeked with

disinfectant. And somewhere, Mary thought numbly, roses bloomed and grass was green. Then, reluctant as a beast giving up its prey, the epidemic waned; and Mary, her spirit willing, but her small, slim body revolting at last, curled up quietly over Dr. Sarah's desk and fainted.

She woke up on the couch, Dr. Sarah looking at her through her spectacles with unexpectedly kindly eyes. She had struggled up, her white cheeks hot with shame, her heart thumping about in what seemed quite the wrong place for a normal heart.

"Awfully sorry," she had muttered, like an erring schoolboy. "Silly of me."

Dr. Sarah pushed her back again, and suddenly, like a conjurer bringing a rabbit from a hat, produced a medicine-glass containing brandy.

"Drink this, will ye," she had said brusquely. "And hold ye're tongue. I've sent for a taxi. Get away home — and don't show ye're face here for another month." She had helped Mary out of her white starched coat and stuck her hat on her head and her bag under her arm. "Get some rest — and some food into ye. Ye're like a starved cat, lassie."

The brandy brought back Mary's color, and if it made her legs slightly unsteady, it also brought some strength back into them.

"Have ye any relations or friends?"

cross-examined the doctor. "Ye're not to go back to that room of yours and live on tea and toast."

"I've an aunt and a cousin in London," said Mary faintly.

"Where do they live?" She had made a note of the address and telephone number on her pad. "I'll get in touch with them."

The inevitable door clinked as the taxi-man came through the waiting-room, and Dr. Sarah finished what she was writing—a cheque—and gave it to Mary, coming with her to the door.

"That's a couple o' months' salary I'm lending ye." She waved away Mary's attempted thanks, saying suddenly, "Maybe ye'll never come back and I'll not blame ye, but I hope ye will, lassie, I sairtainly hope ye will."

Mary gave a tight little smile of understanding. A year, even a month ago, the appeal would have filled her with a rush of loyal energy. But for the first time she was without courage and without strength.

She wanted to run away from Benders Row and never return. She was too tired. She was beaten.

The taxi took her to the block of one-roomed bachelor flats in Bloomsbury where she lived, and she dragged herself up the stairs to her room and flopped down on the divan. It was a cheerful, bright apartment, pleasantly furnished, but that day it seemed as airless as an oven.

She had thrown open all the windows, pulled off her dress, soaked a towel in cold water and had lain down on the divan again with it over her throbbing head. The air was a little cooler, but the sun

streaming through the windows made her put her hands across her eyes. She had not had the energy to rise again and pull down the blinds. Somewhere, she supposed, there were roses blooming in the sun, and somewhere the grass was green.

For a little while she had slept, a troubled sleep in which she was surrounded by children flushed with fever, dull-eyed, and she stood aloof and utterly indifferent to their needs although, in some far place, her heart ached for them.

A beating, which at first she thought was inside her own head, but which she realised presently was someone knocking at her door, had finally aroused her. She called out, half-heartedly:

"Who's there?"

"Is that you, Mary?" came a light, anxious voice through the door. "Goodness, how you scared me! This is Dodie. Open the door at once."

Mary had struggled into a kimono and opened the door. There was a scent of summer flowers and expensive perfume and a vision had floated into the room—her cousin Dodie, in a flowered silk dress, a wide white hat on silken gold curls and blue eyes expressing hurt surprise beneath its extravagant brim.

Her cousin Dodie! Mary had looked at her as though she were a visitor from another world. Did women wear such bright, beautiful silks, such elegant white sandals, such sheer suntan stockings? Were there really women whose arms and faces were so exquisitely bronzed, whose nails were so perfectly manicured, who personified luxury, leisure and ease, who walked with their arms full of summer roses?

Please turn to page 36

By MARY HOWARD

FASHION PORTFOLIO

February 22, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

9

Look what's growing . . .

ON OUR SHOE TREE

Novel autumn footnotes
sent from America and
sketched by Petrov



• (1) SPORTS SHOE in blazing orange suede with quaintly squared toe and pale brown stitchings. (2) Wedge shoe in pigskin dyed a vivid green, with a cute little frill outlining the sole. (3) For town wear—a tailored "toe-peeper" in nigger-brown kid with green suede swathed over the instep and matching daisies scattered over the front. (4) Formal, instep-hugging "toe-peeper" in lime and purple suede. (5) Sooty-black suede inset with crimson satin.

• (6) TO OFFSET a Grecian evening frock—yellow satin wedge sandals studded with multicolored stones. (7) Severely simple, high-cut lines in navy calf and chartreuse suede. (8) For sports—toeless wedge sandals in burnt-orange and nigger-brown linen. (9) Patriotic court shoe in blue suede with instep trim in red, white, and blue, balanced by incredibly high heel. (10) Violet gabardine court, the fabric toe and heel studded with nailheads.

• (11) FAINTLY reminiscent of a court-jeester—a scalloped shoe in burnt-orange suede, piped in yellow. (12) Toes covered up, clog fashion, and heels left perversely bare. Done in heavy cyclamen and purple crepe. (13) Exotic Turkish sandal for evening, with fetching, up-pointed toe. Designed in gold satin with vermillion lining. (14) High-heeled, stubby-toed navy suede, highlighted with red-and-gold metallic braid.



• These pictures from London by airmail were posed specially for The Australian Women's Weekly by Margaret Vyner

VYNER...

Shows the autumn trend



• Three-piece suit, a Mattita model, comprising a black, tan, and white check topcoat with black flannel facings, a jacket of the same material, and a black flannel skirt. The topcoat is seven-eighths length. A green jersey cravat adds a dash of color.

• Above, right: Black-and-white check jersey makes another Mattita model, a street dress. The belt is scarlet-and-purple wool material mounted on black leather. Note unusual pockets.



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ATKINSONS — LONDON AND SYDNEY



• Above: Red tweed topcoat, a Jaeger model, inspired by those worn by the Guards regiments. Hip pockets are set diagonally, instead of straight across, otherwise it's a fairly faithful copy of the Guards men's greatcoats.

• Left: Mauve and navy, favorite autumn color combination, are colors in this tweed Jaeger three-piece. Check overcoat, which buttons up to Peter Pan collar, is exactly the same length as the skirt, which is the same material set diagonally. Jacket is navy tweed, felt hat navy, and jersey cravat mauve.

For important afternoons

SOPHISTICATED STYLES TO
WELCOME THE NEW SEASON

• Heavy silk crepe, sleekly draped to one side, with buttons parading from neck to hem. (Extreme left.)

• Sheer wool shirred into a plain front panel and cleverly swathed over the hips to form a bustle bow at the back. (Left.)

• The "poured-in" silhouette interpreted in wool jersey and pepped up with a draped yoke and matching hip swathe. (Above.)

INDIVIDUAL, hand-cut patterns are obtainable for all dresses and ensembles sketched by Petrus and Ren, and all overseas fashion photos. Prices from 1/6. Send to our Pattern Department for a free self-measurement form.

It was SHEER BRIBERY!



FRANK. Now come on, Dot. Eat it up. Look, lovely green peas.
MADGE. Darling, if you finish everything up, I'll take you down to the beach this afternoon.



FRANK. There is no use bribing her! She won't eat—and look at her! As thin as a rake.
MADGE. We'll take her to the doctor this afternoon, that's where we'll go.



DOCTOR. Mrs. Hall, Dot's a very sensitive and nervous type of child, and her troubles are really due to her sleep. You see, children grow during sleep. This uses up their energy. Heartbeats and breathing at night also use up energy. It stands to reason that if energy isn't replaced during sleep, children get run down, pale, thin — that's Night Starvation. So give Dot Horlicks every night.

FRANK. What's this? Another helping? This isn't the same little girl I used to know!
MADGE. Tell Daddy how much you weigh now darling!

Priced from 1/6; economy size, 2/9. Special pack with mixer, 2/-.

HORLICKS



GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

• Wool-de-chine, sapling-slim, with front skirt fullness, and pouched drapery over the bust and hips. (Above.)

• Dull-surfaced crepe with back skirt fullness shooting from the sunray pleated cummerbund and bustle in gleaming satin. (Right.)

Fashion PATTERNS

NOW is the season when the summer wardrobe takes on a wearied air. Brighten it up by making some additions yourself with the help of these patterns.



F1371

F1370



F1396



F1329

F1401



F1375

F1344

F1370.—Trim two-piece suit with smart yoke. Try it in striped cotton, linen, or silk. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½ yds. 36ins. wide, and 1½ yds. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F1329.—Contrast fabrics can be used effectively in this dramatic new housecoat. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5½ yds. 36ins. wide, and 1½ yds. contrast. Pattern, 1/10.

F1375.—Flattering evening gown of flowing chiffon, with wide, crushed cummerbund. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 9 yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F1344.—Dainty, serviceable frock for a small girl, 2 to 8 years. Requires: 2½ to 2½ yds. 36ins. wide, and ½ yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/1.

F1396.—Frock and bolero for afternoons in town. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½ yds. 36ins. wide for frock, 1½ yds. for bolero, and ½ yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F1401.—Pyjama lounge suit, charming for informal parties at home. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½ yds. for trousers and 2½ yds. for blouse. Pattern, 1/7.

F1371.—Attractive ensemble of sleeveless frock and long-sleeved jacket. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3 yds. 36ins. wide for frock, 2½ yds. 36ins. wide for jacket, and ½ yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN



Three frocks
for small girls

SIZES: 6 to 8, 8 to 10, and 10 to 12 years.

No. 1—Requires 2½ yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2—Requires 2½ yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 3—Requires 2 3/8 yds., 36ins. wide.

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* State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

THE INSPIRATION OF MR. BUDD

Engrossing and unusual thriller with a brilliant surprise climax.

THE 'Evening Messenger,' ever anxious to further the ends of justice, has decided to offer £500 reward to any person who shall give information leading to the arrest of the man, William Strickland, alias Bolton, who is wanted by the police in connection with the murder of the late Emma Strickland, at 59 Acacia Crescent, Manchester.

"The following is the official description of William Strickland: Age 43; height, 6ft. 1 or 2; complexion rather dark; hair silver-grey and abundant, may dye same; full grey moustache and beard, may now be clean-shaven; eyes light grey, rather close set; hawk nose; teeth strong and white, displays them somewhat prominently when laughing, left upper eye-tooth stopped with gold; left thumb-nail disfigured by a recent blow.

"Speaks in rather loud voice; quick decisive manner. Good address.

"May be dressed in a grey or dark-blue lounge suit, with stand-up collar (size 15), and soft felt hat.

"Absented 5th Inst., and may have left, or will endeavor to leave, the country."

Mr. Budd read the description through carefully once again and sighed. It was in the highest degree unlikely that William Strickland should choose his small and unsuccessful saloon, out of all the barbers' shops in London, for a haircut or a shave, still less for "dyeing same"; even if he was in London, which Mr. Budd saw no reason to suppose.

Three weeks had gone by since the murder, and the odds were a hundred to one that William Strickland had already left the country.

Nevertheless, Mr. Budd committed the description, as well as he could, to memory.

Any headline with money in it could attract Mr. Budd's fascinated eye in these lean days, whether it offered a choice between fifty thousand pounds down and ten pounds a week for life, or merely a modest hundred or so.

It may seem strange, in an age of shingling and binging, Mr. Budd should look enviously at complete lists of prize-winners.

HAD not the hairdresser across the way, who only last year had eked out his mean ninepences with the yet meaner profits on cheap cigarettes and comic papers, lately bought out the greengrocer next door, and engaged a staff of exquisitely coiffed assistants to adorn his new "Ladies Hairdressing Department"?

Had he not installed a large electric sign surrounded by a scarlet border that ran round and round perpetually, like a kitten chasing its own cometary tail? Was it not his sandwich-man even now patrolling the pavement with a luminous announcement of Treatment and Prices? And was there not at this moment an endless stream of young ladies hastening into those heavily-perfumed parlors?

Day after day Mr. Budd watched them flit in and out of the rival establishment, willing, praying even, in a vague, ill-directed manner, that some of them would come over to him; but they never did.

And yet Mr. Budd knew himself to be the finer artist. He had seen shingles turned out from over the way that he would never have countenanced, let alone charged three shillings and sixpence for.

And then there was the "tinting"—his own pet subject—if only those too-sprightly matrons would come to him!

He would gently dissuade them from that dreadful mahogany dye that made them look like metallic robots; he would use the cunning skill which long experience had matured in him—tint them with the infinitely delicate art which conceals itself.

Yet nobody came to Mr. Budd but the navvies and the young loungers and the men who piled their trade beneath the naphtha-flares in Wilton Street.



Illustrated by FISCHER

And why could not Mr. Budd also have burst out into marble and electricity and swum to fortune on the rising tide?

The reason is very distressing, and as it fortunately has no bearing on the story shall be told with merciful brevity.

Mr. Budd had a young brother, Richard, whom he had promised his mother to look after. In happier days Mr. Budd had owned a flourishing business in their native town of Northampton, and Richard had been a bank clerk.

Richard had got into bad ways (poor Mr. Budd blamed himself dreadfully for this). There had been a horrid series of affairs with bookmakers, and then Richard had tried to mend bad with worse by taking money from the bank.

Mr. Budd paid the bank and the bookmakers while Richard was in prison, and paid for his fare to Australia when he came out, and gave him something to start life on.

But it took all the profits of the hairdressing business, and he couldn't face all the people in Northampton any more, who had known him all his life.

So he had run to vast London, and bought this little shop in Pimlico, which had done fairly well until the new fashion which did so much for other hairdressing businesses killed it for lack of capital.

That is why Mr. Budd's eye was so painfully fascinated by headlines with money in them.

He put the newspaper down, and as he did so caught sight of his own reflection in the glass and smiled, for he was not without a sense of humor. He did not look quite the man to catch a brutal murderer single-handed.

Even razor in hand, he would hardly be a match for William Strickland, height six feet one or two, who had so callously murdered his old aunt. Shaking his head dubiously, Mr. Budd advanced to the door, to cast a forlorn eye at the busy establishment over the way, and nearly ran into a bulky customer who dived in rather precipitately.

"I beg your pardon, sir," murmured Mr. Budd, fearful of alienating ninepence; "just stepping out for a breath of fresh air, sir. Shave, sir?"

A shot rang out as the prisoner struggled in the grasp of his captors.

The large man tore off his overcoat without waiting for Mr. Budd's obsequious hands.

"Are you prepared to die?" he demanded abruptly.

The question chimed in so alarmingly with Mr. Budd's thoughts about murder that for a moment it quite threw him off his professional balance.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he stammered, and in the same moment decided that the man must be a preacher of some kind. He looked rather like it, with his odd, light eyes, his bush of fiery hair and short, jutting chin-beard.

"Do you do dyeing?" the man said impatiently.

"Oh!" said Mr. Budd, relieved, "yes, sir, certainly, sir."

A stroke of luck, this. Dyeing meant quite a big sum—his mind soared to seven-and-sixpence.

By DOROTHY SAYERS

"Good," said the man, sitting down and allowing Mr. Budd to put an apron about his neck.

"Fact is," said the man, "my young lady doesn't like red hair. She says it's conspicuous. The other young ladies in her firm make jokes about it. So, as she's a good bit younger than I am, you see, I like to oblige her, and I was thinking perhaps it could be changed into something quieter, what? Dark brown, now—that's the color she has a fancy for. What do you say?"

It occurred to Mr. Budd that the young ladies might consider this abrupt change of coat even funnier than the original color, but in the interests of business he agreed that dark brown would be very becoming and a great deal less noticeable than red.

"Very well, then," said the customer, "go ahead. And I'm afraid the beard will have to go. My young lady doesn't like beards."

"A great many young ladies don't, sir," said Mr. Budd. "They're not so fashionable nowadays as they used to be. It's very fortunate that

you can stand a clean shave very well, sir. You have just the chin for it."

"Do you think so?" said the man, examining himself a little anxiously. "I'm glad to hear it."

"Will you have the moustache off as well, sir?"

"Well, no—no, I think I'll stick to that as long as I'm allowed to, what?" He laughed loudly, and Mr. Budd approvingly noted well-kept teeth and a gold stopping. The customer was obviously ready to spend money on his personal appearance.

In fancy, Mr. Budd saw this well-off and gentlemanly customer advising all his friends to visit "his man"—"wonderful fellow—wonderful—round at the back of Victoria Station only a little place, but he knows what he's about—I'll write it down for you." It was imperative that there should be no fiasco. Hair-dyes were awkward things—there had been a case in the papers lately.

"I see you have been using a tint before, sir," said Mr. Budd with respect. "Could you tell me—?"

"Eh?" said the man. "Oh, yes—well, fact is, as I said, my fiancée's a good bit younger than I am. As I expect you can see I began to go grey early—my father was just the same—all our family—so I had it touched up—streaky bits restored, you see. But she doesn't take to the color, so I thought, if I have to dye it at all, why not a color she does fancy while we're about it, what?"

Lightly holding forth upon the caprices of the feminine mind, Mr. Budd subjected his customer's locks to the scrutiny of trained eye and fingers. Never—never in the process of nature could hair of that texture and quality have been red. It was naturally black hair, prematurely turned, as some black hair will turn, to a silvery grey. However, that was none of his business. He elicited the information he really needed—the name of the dye formerly used, and noted that he would have to be careful. Some dyes do not mix kindly with other dyes.

Chatting pleasantly, Mr. Budd

lathered his customer, removed the offending beard, and executed a vigorous shampoo, preliminary to the dyeing process. As he wielded the roaring drier, he reviewed the latest developments abroad and the Summer Time Bill—and passed naturally on to the Manchester murder.

"The police seem to have given it up as a bad job," said the man.

"Perhaps the reward will live things up a bit," said Mr. Budd.

"Oh, there's a reward, is there? I hadn't seen that."

"It's in to-night's paper, sir. Maybe you'd like to have a look at it."

"Thanks, I should."

MR. BUDD left the drier to blow the fiery bush of hair at its own wild will for a moment, while he fetched the "Evening Messenger." The stranger read the paragraph carefully and Mr. Budd, watching him in the glass, after the disquieting manner of his craft, saw him suddenly draw back his left hand, which was resting carelessly on the arm of the chair, and thrust it under the apron.

But not before Mr. Budd had seen it. Not before he had taken conscious note of the horny, misshapen thumb-nail.

The man glanced up, and the eyes of his reflection became fixed on Mr. Budd's face with a penetrating scrutiny—a horrid warning that the real eyes were steadfastly interrogating the reflection of Mr. Budd.

"Not but what," said Mr. Budd, "the man is safe out of the country by now, I reckon. They've put it off too late."

The man laughed.

"I reckon they have," he said. Mr. Budd wondered whether many men with smashed left thumbs showed a gold left upper eye-tooth. Probably there were hundreds of people like that going about the country. Likewise with silver-grey hair ("may dye same") and aged about forty-three. Undoubtedly.

Mr. Budd folded up the drier and turned off the gas. Mechanically he took up a comb and drew it through the hair that never, never in the process of nature had been that fiery red.

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Plan to wipe out unsightly humpy towns

Federal Government to build thousands of homes for workers

By ADELE SHELTON-SMITH

Thousands of homes which workers would be able to buy on a weekly rental basis, probably over 25 years, may shortly be built under the Commonwealth Government's Housing Scheme.

The houses would be of three designs, costing £400, £500 and £600 each. The need for a housing scheme has become more urgent with the growth of humpy towns round big industrial centres all over Australia.

REPRESENTATIVES of the Newcastle Housing Committee took me to see a humpy town at Platt's Estate, one of six in the district where about 2000 people are trying to exist.

A humpy-town is a settlement of makeshift shelters which grows up near an industrial town because housing is inadequate and too expensive for low-paid workers.

The shelters are built of all the things most of us are collecting for war salvage funds—tin, old iron, sacks and cardboard.

The Newcastle Housing Committee was formed by business men, Trades Hall officials, welfare organisations and Church leaders to draw up a housing scheme which it submitted to the State Government.

The humpy town looked very rural and picturesque in the distance. But there is nothing picturesque about a torn tent, a corrugated iron gable flush with the ground, in which a family were living, or a sacking shelter too low to stand up in.

Until the housing committee

fought for the installation of two more taps, there was only one tap to provide water on the estate. Housewives still have to carry buckets of water any distance up to half a mile for all their needs.

"Some, but not all, of the humpy-dwellers are on relief. Many of them are casual workers, and a few are in regular employment," said Mrs. Sam Campbell, a member of the committee.

What some of these people have accomplished in such bitterly discouraging circumstances is really amazing.

There is nothing either unskilled or unemployable about a man who, knowing nothing about carpentering and with practically no tools, can build a solid if crude home out of rubbish. Or about the man who somehow lugged a huge old iron boiler alongside his house, and with waterpipes found on refuse dumps rigged up his own water supply.

There are 75 dwellings on Platt's Estate. Only three or four of them could be termed shum dwellings. Round most of them there is a

flower and vegetable garden. The householders strengthen and improve their dwellings as best they can when they find a kerosene tin or a few pieces of wood.

Some of them have glass windows, others crude shutters, that can be raised in fine weather; some boast curtains. There is shop furniture in some dwellings. In others, chairs, tables, and beds have been made—and well made, too—out of the boxes the groceries are delivered in.

On the outskirts of the estate we saw the first-stage type of dwelling—a tattered tent with a garden in

front, and the kitchen utensils stacked on packing cases.

Across a paddock we came to the final-stage type of dwelling—the gay little house of Mr. Stellos Camlatos—five feet nothing of fiery-eyed Greek, whose two sons are fighting in Albania. Mr. Camlatos is an unemployed seaman.

Mr. Camlatos asked us in. His little house was built on three levels to fit the shape of the hillside. The whole house would fit inside the average kitchen.

It was very clean and very gay with pictures cut from magazines.

"For exercise," Mr. Camlatos has sweated over a deeply terraced garden in which he grows lettuce, egg fruit, fruit trees and flowers. He gives to his neighbors anything beyond his own needs.

Rustic porch

THROUGH a gate made of the side of a baby's iron cot we approached what looked like a large box of rusty corrugated iron. At one side of the box there was a rustic porch of tree boughs painted green, with flowers and tomato plants round it.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Woolley and their seven-year-old daughter, June, live in the rusty iron box. Behind it I saw two lines of the cleanest washing you could see anywhere.

Platt's Estate is divided into sections by an earth road—one section belonging to the Water Board, the other to the Crown.

The inhabitants pay 10/- a year rental for the land on which they build their shelters, 7d. a week sanitary rate, and 5d. in the £ rates on unimproved land value.

When you talk to a few of these reticent, patient women you piece together their average day.

Most of them are thin. They manage to keep clean and keep their children clean with a minimum of clothing and a maximum of scrubbing.

They scrub their houses out at least three times a week.

This should mean that you could "eat your meals off the floor." But you couldn't, because it is impossible

to keep floors spotless when they consist of uneven boards or worn lime laid over uneven earth, also because when your home is virtually one room your children's bare feet running in and out from the muddy or dusty yard outside can be relied on to destroy its spotlessness.

You might say that out in this bush settlement the clean breeze from the mountains would keep their houses fragrant. This applies when the house is grand enough to be built with windows and wooden or tin walls.

But the mountain fragrance is lost when sacking walls are sour with mildew, when there is no place to put soiled clothes out of the way till washing day, when an amateur-built chimney is inadequate to carry away the smell of smoke and cooking from a kitchen-living-room without a proper window.

We had our last word with the inhabitants of Platt's Estate at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Franks. It was the last word, too, in lack of comfort.

The Franks' home is a tattered tent.

In the tent there is just room for a double bed and a single bed, a couple of suitcases for their clothes, and a few kitchen utensils.

Mrs. Franks was away—in hospital, where she had had her fourth child. Ten days after the baby was born she was coming home again, to keep house in the tent and cook in the open in a camp oven.

Mr. Franks did nearly four years' voluntary military service, but has been rejected as physically unfit for the A.I.F. He has had three months' work in ten years.

The family receives 34.6 a week—24/6 a week unemployed relief and 10/- a week child endowment.

"If there was a cottage to be had for 6/- or 7/- a week we could manage to rent it," said Mr. Franks.

Outside the tent is the Franks' last link with hope—an old touring car in which they have been travelling through the country in search of work.

Just about to propose
... but

"B.O." CAME BETWEEN THEM
(BODY ODOUR)

MABEL! WHAT'S WRONG - WHY ARE YOU CRYING?

I WAS SO SURE PAUL WAS GOING TO PROPOSE BUT SUDDENLY HE JUST SAID GOOD-NIGHT AND LEFT

DON'T BE ANGRY MABEL DEAR - BUT A MAN DOES LIKE A GIRL TO BE FRESH AND LOVABLE. I MEAN - MAYBE YOU OFFENDED HIM. WHY DON'T YOU USE LIFEBOUY EVERY DAY?

OH, HOW ASHAMED I WAS! BUT SHE WAS RIGHT TO TELL ME THE TRUTH. I'LL NEVER RISK 'B.O.' AGAIN

DARLING, NO ONE EVER HAD A SWEETER BRIDE THAN YOU ...

TO HERSELF: AND I MEAN TO STAY SWEET AND LOVABLE ALWAYS

No other soap stops "B.O." as LIFEBOUY does

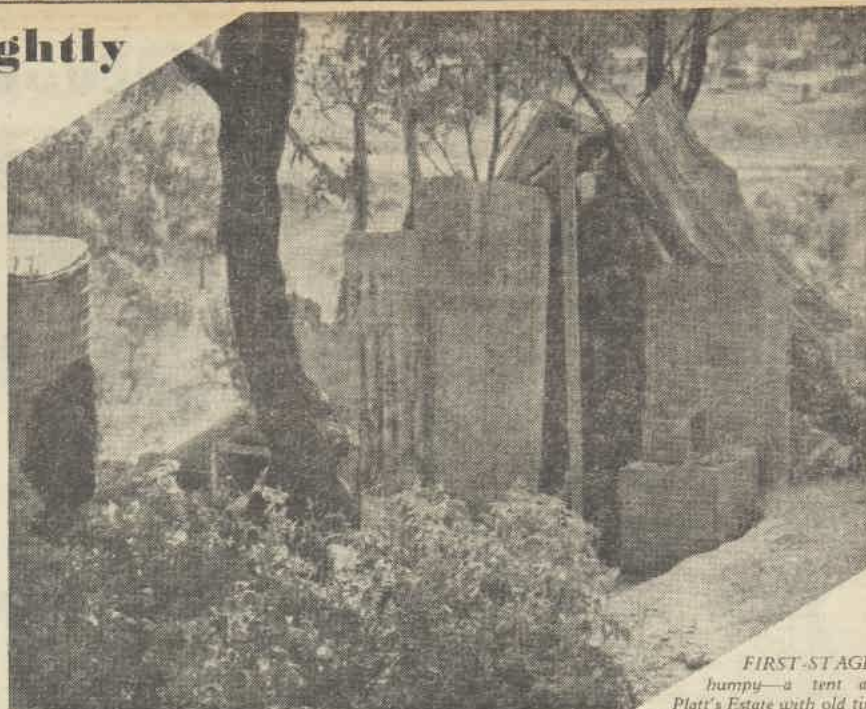
Don't make the mistake of thinking that one soap is just as good as the next! Only Lifebuoy will you find the gentle health element that absolutely STOPS "B.O." That's why it's the choice of fastidious women everywhere. Try Lifebuoy to-day — a generous-sized cake for your money.

LIFEBOUY

its clean fragrance vanishes ... its protection remains

A LEVER PRODUCT

2.5/6. 1/6



FIRST-STAGE humpy—a tent at Platt's Estate with old tin to build a more weather-tight dwelling nearby.

Put the Sunshine in your hair



Glorify your hair with the Camilatone Beauty Routine, add sparkle, enrich the colour, "let the sunshine in." Simply cleanse with Camilatone, the gentlest of shampoos, then rinse with Tonrinz. That's all, but the result will be a revelation to you. Special Camilatone Shampoo, complete with Tonrinz, for Blonde, Auburn, Mid and Dark Brown, White and Gold, at 6/6. each. Tonrinz separately at 3/6. each.

Camilatone
BEAUTY SHAMPOO & TONRINZ

Better homes wanted . . . for these Australians

THESE pictures, taken by The Australian Women's Weekly at Platt's Estate, near Newcastle, show how Australian mothers are struggling to rear families under conditions which are a blot on this country.

The Federal Housing Scheme aims to provide comfortable cottages for workers in industrial areas where the housing shortage is acute.



CHILDREN like Joanny Francis are growing up in humpytowns.



BOBBY AND DAVID MARTIN bathe in the open outside the hut of sacking built by their father, Jock Martin, unemployed miner. Packing-case furniture, sacking beds, in the three-roomed hut were also made by him from salvaged rubbish.



MRS. MARTIN cooks for six on this home-made stove of bricks and iron grate. Small wooden shutter is the only means of ventilation in her small kitchen.



MRS. F. WOOLLEY and daughter Joan in their outdoor wash-house—no troughs or plumbing here.



A CAMP OVEN is the only means of cooking for tent dwellers. A mother of four, the youngest ten days old, will be providing meals from this one.

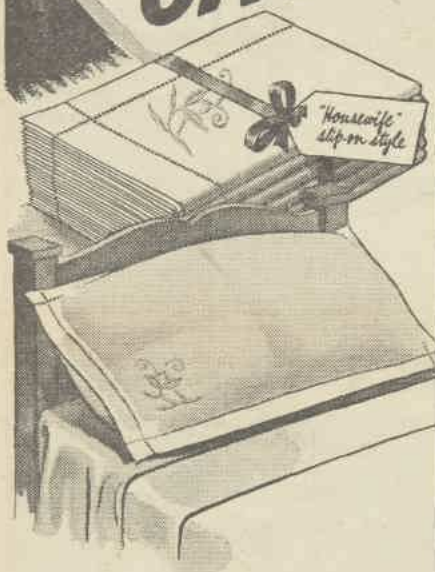


MRS. V. JONES walks a quarter of a mile for water for her household of five. At first there was one tap for 75 huts, now there are three.

Colossal Plan to relieve HOME BUDGET PROBLEM

1,000's OF BATH TOWELS AND PILLOWSLIPS TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

Stock up your linen cupboard while you can! Real pre-war quality goods like these are getting scarcer every day — but Siren users can still get them without spending a penny!



Cotton prices are rising... get in a supply of these **PILLOWSLIPS**

Free for only 48 SIREN CROSSES

Made of fine pillow cotton — smooth and cool to your cheek. Beautifully hemstitched and daintily embroidered. All in handy "housewife" slip-on style. Size 21" x 31". With prices rising, this is an outstanding offer!

Almost unobtainable elsewhere **White Admiralty BATH TOWELS**

Extra large sizes — and genuine British manufacture. Thick, soft and made from long-fibred cotton. Prices for these imported towels have risen time and time again — yet Siren users can still get them free.

Free for only 60 SIREN CROSSES

Save Siren Crosses for these fine FREE GIFTS

These exceptional bargains are open to all regular users of Siren Soap — the soap with the extra soapy suds that washes clean as a sea-breeze! If you are not a Siren user, become one today. Everyone uses soap. When you buy Siren you get the best quality soap and you are able to qualify for these gifts as well.



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

Many more FREE GIFTS available including: Coloured Towels, Breakfast Cloths, Cutlery, Kitchenware, etc. Write for full catalogue.

HOW TO GET YOUR GIFT

Take your crosses to: **LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT**, 147 York St. (Town Hall End), Sydney. If you cannot call, attach your crosses to a piece of paper on which you have written:

1. Your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS
2. The article you require
3. Number of crosses enclosed

and post to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, Box 4267, G.P.O., Sydney.

IMPORTANT: Uncertain conditions make these offers subject to alteration without notice.

Scorched Wings

Continued from page 5

HARRY looked uncomfortable. He said: "No. Take a look at them, Rocky."

"I'd love to have your opinion," the girl said.

"Okay," Rocky said. "You'll get it."

He walked to the table and looked at the plans, then looked up at Sylvia Corbin with raised eyebrows and said: "Where did you get all these ideas?"

She laughed nervously. "Well, frankly, I borrowed some from the back-yard jobs and some are my own. What do you think of it?"

"I think it's aerodynamically screwy."

Miss Corbin looked surprised, then angry. "In just what respect, Mr. Henderson?"

"For one thing, the wings have too much sweepback."

"That," she said crisply, "is my own idea. I know it's a radical idea, but someone has to be the pioneer."

"Yes," Rocky agreed. "I've heard that one before."

Her blue eyes were bright with anger. "Well," she said with decision, "this ship is going to be built my way if it costs a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—or a half million!"

"Or," Rocky suggested, "you might try nailing a couple of ironing boards to a coffin."

With that he walked out of the office.

He met her again in Harry's office on the following morning. She blushed when he came in, and her eyes grew bright and her mouth thinned. She said briskly: "Look

Rocky answered: "It's a rumor foundry."

One of the engineers had told him about it. The engineer had seen Harry and Miss Corbin dancing in a cocktail bar last night, and Sylvia Corbin, according to this spectator, had been wearing an orchid.

Miss Corbin still looked as if she were about to laugh. "Why don't you try being human? The results might surprise you."

"Listen," Rocky said gently, "I don't like you. We have enough good men pilots without having the sky cluttered up with a lot of useless women."

Sylvia had backed against a workbench. Her face had grown pale. She said calmly, "Now that's out of your system, perhaps you'll give me a few of the benefits of your vast experience as a speed flyer. There's a ship in the north hangar that will do two hundred and forty."

"The gadget you're getting will do much better than three if it doesn't come apart."

"Oh," she said, "do you want me to be killed?"

"No," Rocky answered, with the air of a man measuring his words, "I don't necessarily want you to be killed."

Her eyes danced from his eyes to his mouth and back to his eyes. "Does that mean you'll teach me?"

"You can take it that way," Rocky said indifferently.

She started to extend her hand, but Rocky didn't start to extend his. Everything was mixed up. And when he learned on the following morning that she had gone dancing with Harry Melville again, he was furious. No girl could go out dancing and drinking and keep her mind on flying.

But there was no more trouble until the last day of instruction. He had been summing things up when he turned to her. "What was the last thing I said?"

She shook her head a little and answered: "I don't know, Rocky."

"Listen, gnatbrain! If you'd keep your mind on flying and spend less time burning up the night spots with Melville—"

"ROCKY!" she wailed. "I wasn't thinking of him at all."

"He's all you ever think about. You're like all women fliers. The minute you set eyes on some smooth, slick—"

She got up quickly. "And I was just beginning," she said furiously, "to think you weren't a worm, after all."

After she had gone, Rocky sat and smouldered. He was disgusted.

Animal Antics



"I'm sorry, Oliver, but my career comes first."

here, Rocky Henderson. There's a lot I want to know about speed flying, but I'd like your assurance that there won't be any more dirty cracks."

Rocky looked at her without emotion. "How good a pilot do you think you are?"

"Plenty good," Miss Corbin answered with spirit. "I have better than three hundred hours."

The hostility left Rocky's face. His voice was gentle when he said, "Well, we'll try. We'll try to keep you right side up."

He tried her in one of the factory ships with dual controls. Rocky did a few stunts to test her nerves, then let her fly. She looped until Rocky became dizzy and angry. She did some slow rolls and a few snap rolls, a vertical reversal and a true Immelmann, then went off into a loop and spun off the top and did another loop to a landing.

When the ship stopped, Rocky climbed out and walked away. Sylvia Corbin ran after him. "What's the matter?" she cried. "That was good flying. You know it was. Aren't you going to say so?"

Rocky answered coldly: "You've said so. What do you want me to say?"

She was trotting beside him and she was pink with anger. "You could at least be polite about it."

"I'm not paid to be polite."

He walked into a hangar. Sylvia Corbin followed him.

"Why," she said, "can't you be nice to me? Harry is nice to me."

"That's his job. He buys all the orchids."

"Oh," Her eyes were dancing about his face. "You heard about that?" She looked as if she were about to laugh.

"This isn't an aeroplane factory."

Next morning Sylvia was ready for its test. It was on the field when Rocky drove in. And it bore a somewhat distressing resemblance to Spencer Coleman's ship. Huge motor. Freak body.

Sylvia was talking to Harry near the office steps. Rocky avoided them and walked to the ship. They came over as he was squirming into the tiny cockpit.

"You're not to open her up," Harry said.

"I know," Rocky said. "Lift her up like a carton of eggs and set her down like a basket of French china."

Sylvia said: "Your neck is so precious, you know."

Rocky darted a hard glance to her, but her expression was innocent. She said: "How do you like her?"

"You've known all along how I like her," Rocky answered.

He was almost too angry to fly properly but he cooled off the instant the ship left the ground. He opened the throttle a little and welcomed impressions with his nerve ends. The old feeling that anything might happen. Plenty of torque. The ship was as over-sensitive as Spencer Coleman's had been, and hotter. He opened the throttle a little more, and there was that faint feeling of insecurity. At three thousand, he nosed down in a gentle power glide, and circled wide to a landing near Sylvia and Harry.

Sylvia walked over, and asked: "What do you think of her?"

"I don't like her," Rocky said. "I don't like anything about her. And those wings are going to melt off."

"I'll take formal delivery this minute," Sylvia said angrily, "and then I'll take her up and dive her to her terminal velocity!"

"Brave girl!" he said indifferently.

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Scorched Wings

Continued from page 16

SHE turned to Harry: "Do you think this ship will stay together in a terminal dive?"

Harry said: "Frankly, I don't know. We gave it every factory test we could, but that isn't enough. And Rocky doesn't like those wings."

"Well, I like them!" Sylvia cried. "I love them! They're my idea and I'll prove they're right. Tell them to start that engine."

"Now, wait a minute," Harry protested. "You're too excited to fly. And you can't do a terminal dive without being taped up."

"I'm going to be taped up. Let's go into your office and I'll take formal delivery and then I'll be taped up."

Rocky walked away. He went to the first-aid room and told the nurse in charge to tape him up in the usual way. He did not know what he was going to do. He did not know why he was being taped up. He went out to his roadster, and scratched Oscar's head.

"Oscar," he said, "Sylvia's going to fly that thing. And, Oscar, she's very apt to kill her silly little self. She's going to show me how much I know about planes."

Oscar was joyfully licking his extended hand.

"Now that kid, Oscar, that Sylvia—her heart's full of hope and ambition. She's going to reach out and catch a star as she goes by. She's got more nerve than any woman alive, and more brains, too. And maybe she's going out to plough up a lot of dirt and bury a motor six feet underground. Or is she? She can fly. Sure, she can fly! But will that thing stay together? So what, Oscar, so what?"

He saw Sylvia coming out of the office with Harry, who was still protesting, waving his hands. She walked stiffly, and the nurse walked behind her. That meant that Sylvia's little beanpole body was taped up tight, so she wouldn't come apart in the dive.

She climbed into the cockpit. She wiped her goggles and adjusted them, pushed them up on her forehead and struggled into her chute harness.

She settled down. Only the top of her helmet was visible when the little racer started down the runway.

Rocky was walking nervously up and down near his roadster, which was parked near the runway. Oscar frisked at his heels.

"There she goes," Rocky muttered. "She shouldn't be flying. She won't relax. She shouldn't be flying anyway, until that job is thoroughly tested. But it's too late to stop her now. Nothing could stop her now."

The little ship was coming down the runway towards him.

He shouted: "Fetch, Oscar! Fetch!" He gestured towards the runway. Oscar leaped and barked. Rocky threw his glove onto the runway and Oscar darted after it.

Sylvia cut the switch and applied the brakes. The little plane rocked and twisted. Rocky had started running when the glove left his hand. He ran out and seized a wing and helped steady the plane and stop it.

Sylvia shrieked: "You nearly wrecked me, you fool! You did that on purpose! That prop might have killed Oscar!"

"Yea," agreed Rocky, "it might

have." He lifted her out of the cockpit. Sylvia struck him in the face with both fists. He plinned her arms at her sides and carried her to his roadster and tossed her into the seat. "Stay there," he said.

Sylvia's small, hard fist struck him in the cheek. He looked at her a moment with cold, heavy eyes, then walked to the ship, with his chute thrown over his shoulder. He put on goggles and helmet as he went. He was in the chute when he reached the ship. He climbed in.

Harry Melville started after him. A mechanic spun the prop. The engine caught and the plane started to move towards the head of the runway. Harry, looking pale, went over to where Sylvia sat in Rocky's roadster.

With wide-open throttle the little racer swept down the runway, its great engine snarling under the drive of its tremendous power. It left the ground and Sylvia could see the wheels still turning as the plane roared over her head.

Men came out of the factory, shaded their eyes and watched the plane head straight into the sun. Up and up it went in a steep, hard line that could have been drawn with a ruler. Rocky was giving the racer no quarter. He was holding it to that tight climb, demanding everything that it could give.

AT eighteen thousand feet he levelled off. He swung around until he was headed downwind. The sky was very blue up there and he could feel the cold through the leather of his jacket. The lack of oxygen in the thin air made him breathe hard. Before beginning his dive he checked everything very deliberately and methodically. Mixture rich enough? Stabiliser rolled? Rudder tab adjusted?

He eased the throttle back, rolled the ship over and stuck her down. The bottom fell out, and the first part of the dive was a dead-still drop. The roar of the motor increased and the whistling rush of the wind was a climbing note of savage music.

With his brain whipped up to an intensity of concentration, Rocky watched the air-speed needle, the swift, unwinding of the altimeter. Fourteen thousand now . . . Thirteen . . . Twelve and a half . . . The air-speed needle was slowing up. The motor roar was going into a whine, and the whistle of the wind had become a scream. The plane was stiff and strained with the torture of speed. Eleven thousand feet . . . ten and a half . . . Rocky looked at the air-speed needle. Still climbing.

He glanced out at the wings as a new vibration began. The wings were fluttering, and this wasn't terminal velocity.

Yelling to tense his neck and stomach muscles against the shock of the pull-out, Rocky eased back on the stick. With an explosive crack the wings collapsed, folded back and smashed against the fuselage. The plane staggered like a sprinter thrown off his stride. Rocky was thrown violently forward. His head struck the instrument

board. He fought desperately against a swallowing grey haze and knew that he was going out.

Sylvia didn't scream. She saw the wing collapse, saw one tear off and spin crazily above the ship. She bit her lip and waited, praying for the white mushroom of a parachute against the sky. But she didn't scream.

Like a horrible rocket, the fuselage plunged downward. Harry Melville's face was dead-white, his fists were banging together, and he was saying over and over, "Get out! Get out!"

It was too late now. There wasn't time for him to get clear. Then Sylvia saw a dark fragment detach itself from the ship, and as the broken racer hurtled on to destruction she saw the billowing white cloud of Rocky's parachute. He struck the ground rolling. He rolled over and over, and then lay still.

Everyone on the field was running toward the motionless figure, Sylvia wanted to go, too, but she could not move. Harry Melville's knees gave way and he sat down suddenly on the roadster's running-board.

Mechanics were carrying Rocky toward the roadster. Some of the men milled around them, then Sylvia saw Rocky's helmet bobbing in the centre of the crowd. He was walking toward her, limping a little.

He limped up to Harry Melville. He struck him in the face with his left fist. Harry fell back against the roadster and sat down on the running-board again.

"Don't build them," Rocky said, "if you haven't faith in them."

Harry got up, with his hands at his sides. Rocky seemed to relax. He said: "I'm sorry, Harry, but you're not a pilot. You don't understand."

Still slightly grey, Harry Melville shook his head. "I understand, Rocky. There's no argument. After this—no more freaks."

HE turned and started toward his office with the purposeful air of a man in search of a drink.

Sylvia got out of the roadster, still white, still shaking, still so weak she had to cling to the door handle.

She said huskily: "All right, Rocky. I'm next. And I'm the one who really rates a punch in the jaw."

"Skip it," Rocky said sourly. Sylvia said: "Rocky, I'm sorry I was so stubborn about those wings."

Rocky looked at her and he looked tired. "It doesn't seem so important any more." His voice was surly.

"Rocky," Sylvia said, "come around here."

"What for?" he said belligerently.

"I have something to say." She took him behind the roadster and said, "Rocky, it's just come over me." She sounded breathless. She was looking up into his face. "You're in love with me."

Rocky's eyes became slightly venomous. "You're even funnier," he said, "than you you look."

"And have been," she said gently, "from practically the very first."

"Listen, gnatbrain—"

"Say it!" she cried.

"I thought," Rocky growled, "you were saying it."

She laughed. "You great big baby, you're afraid to say it. All right, I'll say it." Still looking into his eyes, she came closer. "I love you like everything, and I thought you simply detested me."

"You dizzy," Rocky said. "You scatterbrain. I am mad about you. I always have been. I always will be."

Oscar was still racing around the roadster with the glove in his mouth.

Rocky's face was red. He couldn't look at Sylvia. He said: "Where's Oscar? Oh, there he is, still mauling that glove, the little dope." His face was hot. He didn't know what to say to Sylvia. He wouldn't know for a long time. Rocky had a long way to go.

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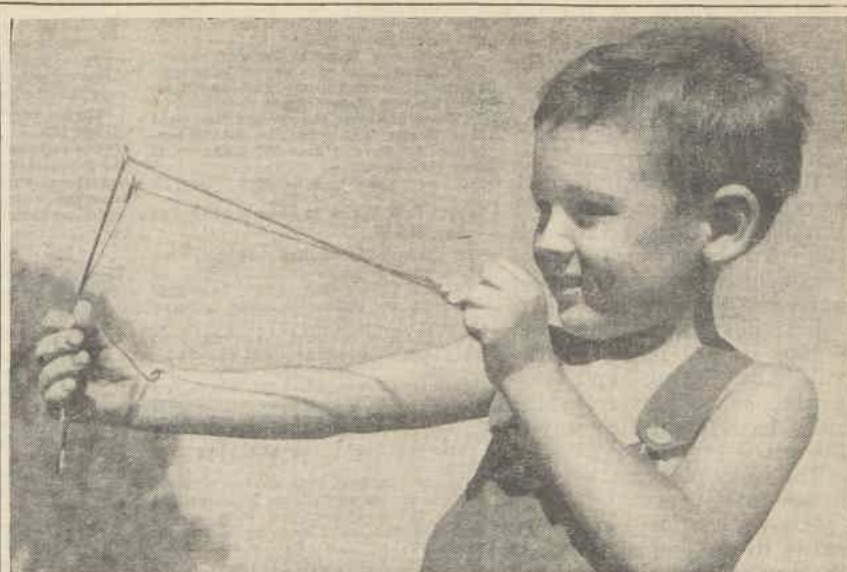
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An Editorial

FEBRUARY 22, 1941.

SALUTE TO OUR SAILORS



ALTHOUGH Captain Collins of H.M.A.S. Sydney considers his ship just another hard-working member of the Mediterranean Fleet, Australians must be excused for their excitement over its arrival in Australian waters.

In saluting its glorious record the nation salutes every ship in our Navy.

The Sydney's 80,000 miles of cruising, its score of actions and its victories over the Italians remind us that our sailors are of the same fighting calibre as the Nelson breed.

The Sydney's battle with the Italian cruiser Bartolomeo Colleoni was an example of coolness and strategy which won the admiration of old sailors in the Royal Navy.

"The ship's personnel," said one officer, "were calm and unruffled. The fight proceeded like practice gunnery."

Australia is proud of the magnificent men in her Navy—all the more so because critics of the formation of an Australian Navy, before the Great War, said that Australians would not make good sailors.

But they were wrong.

It is a remarkable thing that, transplanted from England's tiny island, where no town is far from the ocean, to a vast continent, where some people never see the sea, the sea-dog spirit still survives.

Men from Bourke, Charleville, Alice Springs, and Coolgardie, as well as from the cities, have found their way to the sea.

The Navy plays a great part in our safety.

"Over a continent and a sea rulers to the end of time," is the way an Australian poet has expressed it.

That is why to-day the nation salutes H.M.A.S. Sydney, proud member of our watch-dogs of the deep.

—THE EDITOR.

Letters from our Boys

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

A sergeant to his wife at Hornsby Heights, N.S.W., sent in an envelope embossed with the Italian coat-of-arms and the lettering: 116 Regg. Fanteria Motorizzata, Circolo Ufficiale.

"OUR platoon put up a wonderful show and has been personally congratulated by the brigadier."

"Unfortunately, we didn't all come through—'Cracker' for one got hit by a stray bullet after dark and died."

"Colin Cooper got hit in the leg with a bit of shrapnel—not seriously—he's in hospital. Four or five others that I haven't mentioned before also passed on."

"Against that we were the means at one point of saving at least 200 men, so they weren't lost needlessly."

"To-day we've done nothing but metaphorically 'lick our wounds' and clean up. Hadn't washed or shaved or undressed for four days. So had an all-over wash and shave to-day."

"We've been living on Italian food and drinking their wines for two days. They left tons of stuff."

"Don't get a shock at the envelope—I'll be using Italian stationery for a while."

"After the stunt was actually over the boys had a wonderful time going through officers' quarters and messes."

"The Italians certainly did themselves well—everything of the best. Of course, they have been here for years and have dug themselves in well."

"There were 18-gallon kegs of brandy, 36-gallon kegs of red wine, and big flasks of chianti, vermouth, absinthe—and it all went the way of good liquor."

"Mussolini said over the wireless last night that Bardia had fallen to 400,000 barbarian Aussies and over 400 tanks. If they only knew!"

Sapper P. R. Walsh to his wife at Gympie Bay, N.S.W.:

"IT was an all-Australian show, and what a show it was!"

"It was the grandest sight I have ever witnessed, and makes one proud to be an Aussie."

"Bardia is a beautiful place, the town being built on a mountain and overlooking the sea."

"You should have heard the lads as they went after the Itis. Some were singing 'Roll out the Barrel', and others were singing 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

"You would think they were going to a picnic."

"Mussolini broadcast that no troops would stand a chance against his Blackshirts at Bardia, but the Aussies soon gave him his answer to that, and I spent my birthday in Bardia."

"An Englishman said: 'Thank God you Aussies are on our side.'"

"Everyone is happy and I am as fit as a fiddle, but I will be glad when it is all over and I can return to you. I have your photo in my pocket, and it will go with me everywhere that I go."

Winnie the War Winner



"But, constable, think of the air-raid shelter this'd make!"

A Victorian soldier to a friend in Wonthaggi, Vic.:

"BARDIA was a veritable fortress that should have been untakable."

"The gunpits were of solid concrete and every defensive position was surrounded with stone or reinforced concrete."

"There's no doubt the boys did a marvellous job."

"Our regiment earned the nickname from the Tommies of the 'two and tuppenny suicide gang' because we took up front-line positions with our little popguns and stuck there under particularly heavy shellfire."

Trooper G. Baker to his sister, Miss E. Baker, of Heron's Creek, via Taree, N.S.W.:

"WE moved up to striking distance and lay doggo till word came through."

"It was an unforgettable experience, and though we had some gruesome tanks the experience was one of great value to us."

"We moved up under a heavy barrage of artillery, and the noise is best described as a continuation of the loudest crack of thunder you ever heard."

"The whistle of shells was constant, but after the first few thousand passed unnoticed. We were lucky to go through with only six casualties, one fatal."

"We were able to withdraw for a sleep each night, so were quite fresh for the three days' engagement at Bardia."

"I have since been allotted to a tank crew and did a day's action which, however, proved only mediocre, as we took a number of too-willing prisoners without conflict."

Private E. H. Clifton, with the A.A.M.C., to his mother in Wentworthville, N.S.W.:

"ON Thursday, January 2, under cover of darkness, we moved into position. Through the hours of darkness, after the hours of darkness, unit after unit, like wraiths in the night, passed to their allotted posts. There, too, the gallant infantry marched up in utter quietness, fighting fit, for the task ahead of them. The artillery barrage was about to start."

"An hour or so before dawn we were instructed, if possible, to get a little sleep, as we would need all our energy in the hours ahead."

"A little after 5 a.m. I awakened from a fitful sleep, shortly after the guns opened fire."

"For miles around the night was lit by flashes from hundreds of guns as the shells poured into Bardia. The batteries near us did good work. The Italians replied (their artillery is good), so you can imagine what the noise was like."

"To listen to shelling and wonder where they are going to land in the darkness is a peculiar sensation."

"The barrage lifted and our splendid infantry and English tanks went in, the engineers blowing up the wire; thus forming an entrance. This was done under heavy fire."

"A number of our stretcher-bearers were attached to the battalion, and six of us were detailed early in the action to a restricted area on the battlefield to pick up wounded, two bearers and a driver to each army truck."

"Through the wire and the tank traps we went, the Dago shells falling very thickly. But, remarkable to relate, unless one falls quite near or whines overhead one does not notice them so much."

"Our one thought was to get the wounded out of the danger zone."

"Our wounded behaved wonderfully, hardly a whimper from them. Bringing them back we did our best, but over rough ground in an army truck you can imagine what some went through."

"Some of the Italians behaved stoically, but the majority could not take it like our chaps."

"No praise is too high for the British tank chaps and our infantry. Candidly, they were glorious."

"In keeping with every other unit engaged in the action, the Field Ambulance did a great job of work."

"It was grand to see how the Aussie and Tommy wounded did their best to ease the pain of their wounded enemies."

"Truth is stranger than fiction. Don't smile when I tell you that approximately 200 Italians in strongly defended machine-gun nests surrendered to eight of us when we were investigating a deep gorge at Bardia leading to the Mediterranean."

"They could have wiped us out, but were glad to be out of it. It was some experience, I can tell you."

"We had been taught two Italian sentences—'Mani in alto' ('Hold up your hands') and 'Apri il mani' ('Open your hands'). But we did not have to say them, as their hands shot up all right."

"One of our officers, with a little poodle in his arms, held it out to me and said something that sounded like 'Martha.' I repeated the word, smiled, and patted the pup, whereupon relations became amicable all round, and the Dagos smiled, too."

Other letters on page 3



Hey, Hey! Strange doings on the Milky Way!

Ginger invents a new win-the-war telescope

By MAL VERO and GINGER
Australia's famous entertainers

Ginger came down to breakfast the other morning with a silk scarf wound round his head like a turban—an awe-inspiring sight.

Absent-mindedly he traced one of the signs of the zodiac on the tablecloth. A six-foot telescope, tied up with string, leaned against his chair. I feared the worst.

"WHEN Saturn is in the third house people born in leap year are liable for . . . for . . ." He paused a minute and looked at me hopefully, "I s'pose they're liable for income tax, eh, Malsie?" He reached for the toast.

"Just what are you talking about . . . you never talk at breakfast as a rule." (Usually he's too busy on the hottest sausage and the crispest piece of toast.)

"I've taken up astronomy again," he said—"the science of the stars." "What do you mean—taken up astronomy again?" I said tersely. "You never knew a thing about it—what do YOU know about the stars?" "Plenty," said Ginger with a smirk. "I spent my childhood on the Milky Way."

"And what did you learn?" I asked politely (in sarcastic vein, of course).

"My daddy taught me," said Ginger, with childlike simplicity. "When he got out his razor-strop I quickly learned about the spots on the sun!"

He took out one of those books on astrology from his pocket and announced that he was going to clear up this comet business once and for all.

"You're slightly mixed, aren't you?" I said, eyeing the book on astrology. "It's astronomy you want . . . yes, you're a bit mixed."

"So what?" said Ginger, belligerently. "What about the blokes at the obs . . . obs . . . conservatories?" "Observatories," I supplied.

"Yes; and them blokes, too," said Ginger. "Why, they set out to find Cunningham's comet—and what do



Ginger presents a Lose-the-War Telescope to Hitler.

they do—what do they do, eh? They can't find it first . . . then one bloke's little son finds another comet . . . and then some jokers out in Victoria find another comet, and none of 'em knows which is which. They need me to straighten out this business. I'll comet 'em."

"All right, all right," I said soothingly. "Just what are YOU going to do?"

"Well," said Ginger, "I'm going to get up at three o'clock to-morrow morning, take off my spectacles, and have a good look at both of them comets."

"But why take off your spectacles?"

"Listen stoop," said Ginger, in a kindly voice. "Don't you read the papers? Don't you acquaint yourself with the shape of things to come? Didn't you READ in the paper that the comet could be seen with the NAKED EYE?"

"Anyway," I said, undaunted by this masterpiece of logic, "how are you going to tell which is Cunningham's comet and which is the other?"

"Well," said Ginger, "there are 1,756,432,517 stars in the sky, aren't there?"

"How do you know?" I said, feeling it was time to take a rise out of him.

"If you don't believe me," he shrieked, "COUNT 'EM YOURSELF." Such ingratitude.

Difficult problem

"ANYWAY," I said doggedly, "how are you going to tell one comet from another?"

"Well, that's easy," said Ginger. "The two comets are drawing closer together. Cunningham's comet is well known . . . the other one's a comparative stranger. When they get close together . . . the pinkish one will be the stranger."

"How do you work that out?"

"Well," said Ginger, "wouldn't you blush if you didn't even know whether you had a name or not?"

"You'll get tired of waiting for them to come together, anyway," I said. "Large bodies move slowly, you know."

"Oh yeah," said Ginger rudely. "Ever seen a fat man slip on a banana skin?"

"Anyway," I said, "you don't seem to know such a great deal about astronomy—or astrology either."

"Is that so?" said Ginger truculently. "Well, then—there's one thing I DO know . . . and that there's nobody on the moon."

"I wouldn't be so sure," I said. "There might be people on the moon."

"Oh yeah," said Ginger, sardonically. "Then it must be a deuce of a squeeze when it's a new moon!"

Thinking to explain how the earth's shadow made portion of the moon invisible at times, I said to Ginger: "Now the earth travels round the sun, doesn't it?"

"Yeah," said Ginger, looking interested. "That's right, Malsie."

"Well," I said, triumphantly, "tell me what travels round the earth?"

"Commercials and tramps," said Ginger, "but what's that got to do with it?"

I gave up, and we continued breakfast in comparative silence.



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WHEN he first saw her he felt a commotion inside him quite different from anything he'd ever known. He took it for hunger.

But when she came to the table to take his order he couldn't look at her. He said: "Some coffee and a sandwich, please."

"Cream and sugar?"

"Yes... uh, no... I mean... well, cream and no sugar."

He ate the sandwich and he drank the coffee—not just once, but three times in the next two hours.

When she came the fourth time he looked her in the eye. "A sandwich and some coffee, please."

"You must have been terribly hungry."

"I forgot my dinner," he lied.

"What a shame!"

"Yes," he said. Her sympathy encouraged him, and he pushed the coffee aside. He looked at her and asked, "Could I take you home afterwards?"

She colored and dropped her glance. "Why... you see... my brother..."

"Listen," he interrupted. "You can trust me. My name's Ray Davis. I work for the City, and I live right here in Brick Lane. Mr. Corcoran knows me."

She studied him candidly for a moment. At last she said: "Well... all right. It's kind of you."

So they walked together to the Malones' big house. Before he left her, he had the promise of taking her out on Wednesday, two nights away.

That was in February. By April they were going for strolls, learning the best places to watch the moon come up. On one of those nights, while the air was warm and still, Ray spoke earnestly.

"And we could live on that," he concluded. "Mary... will you?"

"Yes, Ray," she murmured.

For a long time their eyes were solemn, contemplating the path they had chosen. Then Mary stirred.

"Ray," she asked, "will you come to the house soon? They'll want to see you—the family, I mean."

"Of course," he agreed, and in the silence his heart jumped queerly.

Family, she'd said... He hadn't thought of it before, but would he have that, too?

He went over the next evening. The Malones were all there, grouped in the living-room. Cornelius Malone sat by the fireplace, erect and keen-eyed despite his sixty years.

A contractor who had made one fortune and lost it, he now, with the help of his elder son, was driving towards a second. He was reputed an honest man but a stern one.

Pete and Joe stood at their father's right. They studied him with level eyes.

Payment in Full

Continued from page 7

Terry and his mother, whom Ray had met before, were across the room on a couch. Terry's mouth twitched as he watched the scene.

Mary took Ray's arm and led him to her father.

"Daddy," she said quietly, "this is Ray."

The old man offered his hand. "Good evening, young man."

"How do you do, sir?" Ray answered.

Pete and Joe were as curt as their father, but Mrs. Malone gave Ray a quick pressure of her fingers. "You must be good to my little girl," she said.

"I mean to be," he smiled.

Terry grinned and squeezed his hand. "You've taken my pal," he said, "but there's no hard feelings."

"That's good. I know I'm lucky."

The others were looking at their father. At last he spoke.

"Sure you can do this? How about money?"

Ray told him his salary.

"Hm! Enough for a start. Will your job last?"

Ray hesitated. "Well," he said, "that depends on me, I suppose. But I think I'm doing the work."

THE old man stood up. "All right," he said. "You too settle the date with Mother."

He nodded again and walked towards the stairs. The others said nothing, and Ray glanced at Mary.

"I'd better be pushing along. Got—a report to finish."

He looked helplessly around the circle and then backed into the hall. Mary went to the door with him.

"Was it awful, darling?" she asked.

"Not a bit!" he said quickly.

Yet as he walked to his boarding-house he wasn't sure. Miracles don't happen in pairs. He had Mary and that was a lot for one lifetime. Who was he, to expect such a family to take him in?

That was what he told himself, but hope stayed with him till his wedding day. Even during the ceremony he was wondering whether he would turn from the altar to meet a father and brothers. But when he saw their faces the hope died.

They were as steady-eyed as before, neither hostile nor friendly, keeping to themselves, a solid family group. And he? He was still Ishmael.

Six months had brought no change in the family's attitude.

But now, in the dark room, that hope was stirring again... Terry had come... They had asked him to dinner... They would all be there... Perhaps, this time...

At his office the next morning, Ray spread the Wolinski papers on his desk. The case wasn't unlike a hundred others that Arthur Chalfant, the City Solicitor, had settled out of court.

Sam Wolinski, a mill worker, had fallen down some steps in Lincoln Park the previous December, injuring his right hip and shoulder so that he couldn't work. He had presented evidence of the City's failure to keep the steps clean. Chalfant, seeing no prospect of beating the case in court, had agreed to an indemnity of seven thousand dollars. The money had been paid to Wolinski's attorney, Terence Malone.

Ray's eyes softened as he read the name.

It wasn't customary for the Law Department to investigate a damage claim more than once; when it was settled that was the end of it. But the morning newspaper had started a fuss about these consent verdicts, which in two years had cost the City a million dollars.

There were hints of collusion, of "kick-backs" to City officials. So the City Council had ordered an inquiry, and the Bar Association was watching for evidence of sharp practice among its members. A few people had quietly left town.

Ray drove first to Lincoln Park, near the mills. He found the caretaker, John Tate, in his hut by the entrance.

The man scowled when Ray explained his business.

"Listen, mister," he said, "them steps was clean, and I don't care who says different! What do they think I'm here for?"

"Did you see Wolinski fall?"

"I did."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, I'm sittin' here, and these three fellows come laughin' and yellin' down the path. Near the steps a couple of them start rasslin'."

The big one, Wolinski, misses a hold and rolls down the steps. The

others run shoutin' after him, and in a minute they walk up the street singin'. I think nothin' of it till the boss comes and roars at me like mad. But them steps was clean!"

"I see," Ray nodded. "Well, thanks for your trouble."

He got into the car again. The same old story, he reflected; you never found a caretaker or a maintenance man who was to blame in these cases. They were innocent every time.

Wolinski's address was given as 123 Lynch Street. He found the place, a gloomy three-story affair in need of paint. A plate beside the door read, "Mrs. Anna Pikul, Room and Board."

He rang the bell, and in a few minutes a dirty, heavy-faced woman appeared.

"Well?" she grunted.

"I'm from the City Law Department. Does Sam Wolinski live here?"

"Naw, Sam moved 't Cleveland tree-four months ago." Her eyes were suspicious, but they held a gleam of curiosity. "What you want him for?"

"I'm looking into that accident of his."

"Oh," she said. She seemed to be thinking hard. "Come in."

She led him through the hallway into a musty room that had once been a parlor, but now had a sagging cot along each wall. She lit the lamp and pointed to a rocking chair. For herself she pulled out a stool.

"What you want to know?" she asked.

"Whether Sam's claim was genuine."

"Bah! That stuck-up, double-crossin' scoundrel was never honest in his life!"

"No?"

"Naw! Accident! Huh! He was drunk like a pig, Sam was, and he'd been drunk six-seven days. What you say to that, mister?"

Ray didn't say anything, nor did he tell her about the lump of ice in his stomach. He took out his notebook and glanced at the names of Wolinski's witnesses.

"Michael Coy and Edward Semmler," he remarked. "Are they still here?"

The woman's face split in an ugly grin. "Naw."

"Moved?"

"Yah," she chuckled. "Roselawn Cemetery, tree streets over. Been there fi' years."

Ray crushed the notebook in his fingers. "Five years!" he muttered. "You can't mean—"

"Yah, fi' years! Pneumonia got 'em. Nice witnesses, huh?"

RAY found it hard to breathe. He stared wretchedly at Anna Pikul.

"Then who brought Sam home that day?"

"Coupla fellers from the mill," she shrugged. "I don't know their names."

"Thank you," said Ray, standing up. "I think that's all."

Mrs. Pikul padded swiftly across the floor and seized his arm. "You let me know if you catch him, huh? I want to talk to Sam Wolinski."

"Very well," he agreed, anxious to get away. "We'll tell you." He shook her hand off and hurried out into the air.

More lies, he told himself. The woman wanted revenge—for a broken love affair, perhaps, or an unpaid board bill. Dead men for witnesses—a likely story! Not even the crookedest lawyer would try that, and certainly not Terry Malone. Anyhow, he could make sure in a very few minutes.

The cemetery was where Anna Pikul had said. It was a small plot, with the word "Roselawn" painted over the gate. Altogether there were about fifty headstones, arranged in four rows. Ray started up the left-hand side.

His search ended with chilling abruptness. At the bottom of the first row he came upon two slabs, newer than the rest. The first read, "Michael Coy, d. Jan. 3, 1934," the other, "Edward Semmler, d. Feb. 8, 1934."

He gazed stupidly at the names. No muscle moved, but his cheeks were cold and drawn. At last he turned slowly and walked to the car.

There was only one more step, and he took it automatically, knowing what he would find. At the National Coke and Iron plant they told him that Wolinski had worked steadily from December 10 until the middle of July, when he'd drawn his pay and left the city. There was no record of physical disability.

Ray pointed the car towards City Hall. His hands were numb on the wheel, and his thoughts terrified him. The clock on the dashboard said four o'clock. Plenty of time to write a report and turn it in. But the phrases he must use sickened him: "deliberate fraud"...

"perjured testimony"..."evident collusion between plaintiff and attorney."

When he reached the building, he parked his car and headed for the entrance. But at the door he stopped. He couldn't go in yet, couldn't answer Chalfant's questions, couldn't write that story with people around him. He pulled his hat down and plunged back into the rain.

Please turn to page 22

SCHOOL MATRON SAYS:

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 "Well, you said you needed a girl with imagination!"

HE who laughs LAST



"Were your friends pleased when they saw your engagement ring?"
 "More than that—three of them recognised it."



GROCER: These are the best eggs we've had for years, Madame!
 CUSTOMER: Well, bring me some you haven't had so long.



"What did you do when the ship was wrecked?"
 "I did what any sensible man would do—I swam ashore and saved my own life and then swam back to see if I could help anyone else."

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 I guarantee that these testimonials are true extracts from unsolicited letters received, and are open for inspection at my office. (Signed)
 Joan Powell

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TAKE FAT OFF
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TAKE FAT OFF
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TAKE FAT OFF
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NOW you can actually reduce those unnatural bulging hips and that huge unwelcome waist by a NEW, simple method. Without dangerous drugs, very strenuous exercise, or starvation diets. Secretly in your own room—you can really watch those bulging hips disappearing. An over-prominent, sagging bust, fat arms and legs, thick ankles and double chin can quickly be banished with this marvellous new reducing treatment—it's something entirely different.

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THINK hopes of "middle-aged spread" is laid once and for all by this unique treatment, which dissolves fat wherever you apply it—just think what that means to you, complete control of your figure.

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NEW FASCINATING WAY OF
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Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

SERGEANT-MAJOR: Here, you in the front line, why don't you stand up straight and mark time properly? Anyway, what were you before you joined the army?

Digger: Happy, sir, very, very happy.

YOUNG BROTHER: Do you know, Sis, I think Mr. Jones would kiss you if I wasn't here.

Sister: You impertinent boy. Go out of the room at once.

"LET me tell you," the plump wife shouted to her husband, "that it's hard for a woman like me to be brave in war time."

"I know," retorted her long-suffering husband. "Look at all the chins you have to keep up."

"THE best thing for you," said the doctor, "is to give up drinking and smoking, go to bed early every night, and get up early in the morning."

"Doctor," replied the patient solemnly, "I don't feel somehow that I deserve the best; what's the second best?"

"BEEN away on a camping trip, have you? Roughing it, I suppose?"

"I'll say so! Why, one day our portable dynamo failed us and we had no hot water, electric light, ice or radio for almost two hours."

Be sure to take your Beecham's Pills and steer clear of sick headaches, liverishness, digestive upsets and that 'down in the dumps' feeling. Beecham's Pills are gentle, natural, effective, reliable. Obtainable everywhere. Get some today.

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Cuticura Talcum—so delightfully soothing and refreshing absorbs perspiration, prevents chafing and irritation. Let your baby enjoy its soothing comfort every day.



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TALCUM
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HOLIDAYS...
ANYWHERE—ANY PLACE—ANY TIME

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU,
St. James Building, Elizabeth St., Sydney. Telephone: MA4406.

HE walked aimlessly, unconscious of everything but the turmoil in his mind. He pictured Mary at home, probably even now turning on the lights for him. What could he tell her? And later, when he saw Terry and the rest, what then? "Your son's a criminal, Mr. Malone, and I can prove it." Was that the way to win a family? Mary would love it, wouldn't she? "But it's only your brother, darling. What if I did put him in gaol?"

All right, but remember Ned Corcoran, too. He got you this job because he trusted you. Remember what he said that day? "It's not hurting you that you're honest." That's what he said. But Ned, what's honest? What is Ned?

A clock struck somewhere and he looked at his watch. Five o'clock. The office would be empty now. Might as well get it over.

He met Louise Smith, the investigators' stenographer, coming out of the door. He stopped her. "Listen," he said, "I'll be leaving a couple of things on your desk. Type 'em up first thing in the morning, will you, and get 'em over to Chalfant?"

"Very well," she answered. She looked at him intently. "You'd better take an aspirin."

"I think I had."

He went to his desk and took out two sheets of paper. He thought for a moment and then wrote quickly:

Case:
Wolinski vs. City of —, Ser. A44656, Attorney of Record, Terence Malone.

Report:
Evidence checked, circumstances of injury investigated. All correct as per original depositions.

(Signed) Ray Davis, Investigator.
Mr. Arthur Chalfant, City Solicitor, 938 City Hall Building.

Dear Mr. Chalfant,
Please accept my resignation as an investigator in your department, effective this date.

Salary due may be paid into the Police Pension Fund.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) Ray Davis.

Payment in Full

Continued from page 20

He laid the pages, face down, beside Louise's typewriter. Then after a last glance around the office, he walked out. To-morrow he would look for a job.

He was whistling when he opened the apartment door. Mary came out of the bedroom, where she'd been fixing her hair. When she saw his face, her smile faded and she ran towards him.

"Ray, what's the matter?"

"Nothing much. I resigned this afternoon. Had a row with the boss."

"Oh, darling, what did he—"

"Let's talk about it later," he said, patting her on the shoulder. He slipped off his coat and hung it up. "You see... well... I'll have to rush if we're going to that dinner."

He turned awkwardly towards the bedroom. "There's all day to-morrow."

She stood where he left her, like a child who has been scolded. Generally she perched on the bed and chattered while he dressed, but now she moved quietly to a chair by the window. She sat there, eyes large and dark, while he splashed in the shower.

They drove to the Malones'. It was a silent ride, but once or twice Mary turned her head as if to speak. At last, as they pulled up in front of the house, she touched Ray's arm.

"Just one thing, Ray. Was it about Terry?"

"Oh no!" he answered quickly. "That case was smooth sailing—everything in order."

She nodded and opened the door. They found Mary's father in the living-room, reading the paper. He shook hands with Ray and kissed Mary, and Ray thought he seemed friendlier than usual. Pete and Joe came in a moment afterwards.

Mrs. Malone walked out of the kitchen and looked at the clock. "Terry may be late," she said. "We'd better start."

So they went to the table. Cornelius sat at one end, Mrs. Malone at the other. Ray and Mary were side by side, with Pete and Joe

opposite them. The place at Pete's right had been left for Terry.

He arrived while they were finishing the soup, flung his coat across a chair and sat down.

"Sorry to be late, folks," he said. "These are busy days." He glanced from face to face until his eyes met Ray's. "How's it with you, pal?" he asked. His voice had a tight edge.

"Fair enough."

"Any news?"

"Yes. The thing's closed."

Terry was silent for a moment, and then a knowing grin spread across his face.

"You are a pal!" he murmured.

Ray kept his eyes lowered. The implications in Terry's voice were plain enough. Terry knew what he was... just another crook... a swindler... And pretty soon Ned Corcoran would know. "It's not hurtin' you that you're—" No, he'd have to forget that. He'd have to stay out of Ned's way. He and Ned were different... now.

Pete glanced at his brother, "The Wolinski case?"

"That's the baby! Ray here checked it and found it all in order."

Cornelius Malone looked coldly down the table.

"Was it?" he asked.

"You tell him, Ray."

"Quite," Ray mumbled without raising his eyes.

HE wondered if they all knew. Were they laughing at him? At that thought he wanted to lash out at them, at the whole tight-lipped, selfish crowd. They could have given him so much, but instead they'd robbed him of the only thing he had.

With the coming of dessert, Terry began again. He winked across the table and said: "When you're the Mayor, pal, just make me City Solicitor. We'll show them all, eh?"

But Ray had reached his limit. Whether from the food he'd bolted or from the heat of the room, his stomach was crowding up against his throat. He couldn't sit there; he had to get away. Pushing back his chair he stumbled towards the door. But as he passed Terry, the latter caught him around the waist.

"Don't go away like this."

"Let me go."

"Look here—"

Ray jerked loose and swung at the grinning mouth. He saw Terry's look of surprise as the blow landed, and he shot in another one—Hah! Surprised, was he? Surprised that the little crook would fight?

Suddenly he felt an explosion along his jaw, and he spun over Pete's chair. Terry was standing over him.

"Enough's enough," Terry said.

"What's the matter with you?"

Mary slid past Joe and her father. Her face was white and her eyes blazing. She brought her palm ringingly across Terry's cheek, crying:

"I could kill you!"

"He asked for it, Sis."

"You asked for it! Tormenting him that way, after he'd just lost his job!"

"Mary!" It was Ray's voice.

"Never mind about that!"

Cornelius Malone shouldered his way forward. His eyes were blue pin points, and his mouth was grim.

"I'll take care of this," he said, glancing at Mary. "You help your mother clear the table. I'll talk to the boys alone." He led them into the living-room and closed the door.

Ray felt strong arms about his shoulders, and found Pete on one side, Joe on the other. They grinned down at him as they hustled him towards the door.

Pete spoke to his father.

"Tell Mary not to wait up. The Malones might be celebrating to-night."

(Copyright)

WHEN they were seated, he turned to Ray. "Lost your job, eh? Why?"

"That's my own business."

"Easy, my boy! I'm not so sure of that. Did you resign, or were you dismissed?"

"Leave me alone, won't you?"

"Did you resign?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I told you, that's my own business."

The old man nodded. "I see," he said quietly. "But you're very upset about it, eh?"

He leaned forward with a swift change of expression.

"This is a man's family, lad. And I'm proud you're a son of ours."

He uttered the last words brusquely. His eyes were like ice, but drops of perspiration glistened on his forehead.

He looked now at Pete and Joe. They met his eyes, and it seemed as if they understood him. Joe flicked a glance in Terry's direction.

Terry sat alone on the couch. His hands were clasped behind his head, and he was leaning back with a show of nonchalance.

"Where does this get us?" he asked his father.

"That depends on you," came the terse reply. "It's your life, my boy, not mine."

Terry's eyes wavered momentarily, but he forced a shrug. "All right," he said, "I suppose I can manage it. Mind if I go now?"

"Suit yourself."

Terry yawned and got to his feet. He strolled to the door and turned the knob. Pausing there, he glanced back. "Thanks for everything," he said.

No one spoke. A muscle twitched in Cornelius Malone's face, but that was all. Pete and Joe stared at the door. Terry's cheeks had grown paler, and his nostrils seemed pinched. He looked at his brother.

"Both of you, too?" he asked in a surprised tone.

They gave him no answer, and he turned to Ray, searching his face. The weakness in his mouth was more evident now. It made him appear younger, less a man of the world, less able to meet a silence like this. He stood there a moment longer, and then he wilted. His hands dropped to his sides.

"All right, Dad," he said. "What shall I do?"

"Tell us the truth first," was his father's reply.

"The claim was a fraud. I split the money with Wolinski. It was pretty raw—dead men for witnesses, and so on. Ray couldn't have missed it."

"That's what I guessed. Well, what do you want to do?"

Terry glanced at Ray again, and he managed a faint smile. "I'll take my own rap, fellah," he said. "And it'll be a load off my mind. I haven't slept for months."

Ray tried to speak, but Cornelius Malone was ahead of him. He crossed the room and gripped his son's arms. "I'd have hated to lose you, boy," he said. Then he turned to Ray. "Can you get that report back?"

"Why... yes. But, listen... can't we leave it? I... I'm satisfied with things as they are."

It was Terry who answered. "City Hall, pal. Right away."

Ray felt strong arms about his shoulders, and found Pete on one side, Joe on the other. They grinned down at him as they hustled him towards the door.

Pete spoke to his father.

"Tell Mary not to wait up. The Malones might be celebrating to-night."

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Instead of paying 1/6 every time you need dentifrice, you now buy a 1/3 refill only and slip it into the new moulded container—a clear saving of 3d. whenever you make a purchase! But apart from this important saving, tests show that the large 1/6 size of Gibbs lasts the average person 216 days—weeks longer than any other dentifrice. Yet Gibbs has everything you need to keep gums and teeth in perfect condition.

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The Movie World

February 22, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

23

The baffling Mr. Boyer

From
CHRISTINE
WEBB
in Hollywood

HE GIVES AWAY ORCHIDS AND
KEEPS THE HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS

WHEN this town ends a discussion on Charles Boyer—and he is most frequently discussed—he is generally summed up in one word, "baffling!"

The reason is that Mr. Boyer, a gentleman of infinite charm, and infinite contradictions, refuses to fit into any one of Hollywood's rigid pigeon-holes.

Take Boyer's current picture, "Back Street," which he is making with Margaret Sullivan. Over a year ago, when he returned from Europe, Boyer told Universal that he wanted to remake this touching Fannie Hurst love-story.

It took the studio just twelve months to agree with the actor, and give him the lead in "Back Street." If he had raved and stormed and nagged, the film might have come sooner. Mr. Boyer, his courtesy unruffled, preferred to wait. This is the kind of attitude which this exaggerated, super-temperamental town can never understand.

Engages the cook

TAKE Mr. Boyer's private life—which is blandly illogical.

He spends money generously—on other people. He will buy orchids for his leading ladies and treat the crews working with him to champagne.

Yet in their home, ruled by his quiet English wife, Pat Paterson, it is Boyer who keeps the household accounts, makes out all the cheques for the bills, and hires and fires the staff.

He loves to see that Pat has all the nutria fur coats, trimly-tailored

suits, and soft chiffon evening gowns that she can wear. He himself sticks to blue suits, long, narrow shoes—year in and year out.

When he does spend money for himself, it is on books—fine books. He has 3000 of them, lining the walls and even the door of the circular library copied from a similar room in his Paris home. In fact, he designed the whole of their Beverly Hills house, down to the sliding panels which transform several small sitting-rooms into one huge reception room for parties.

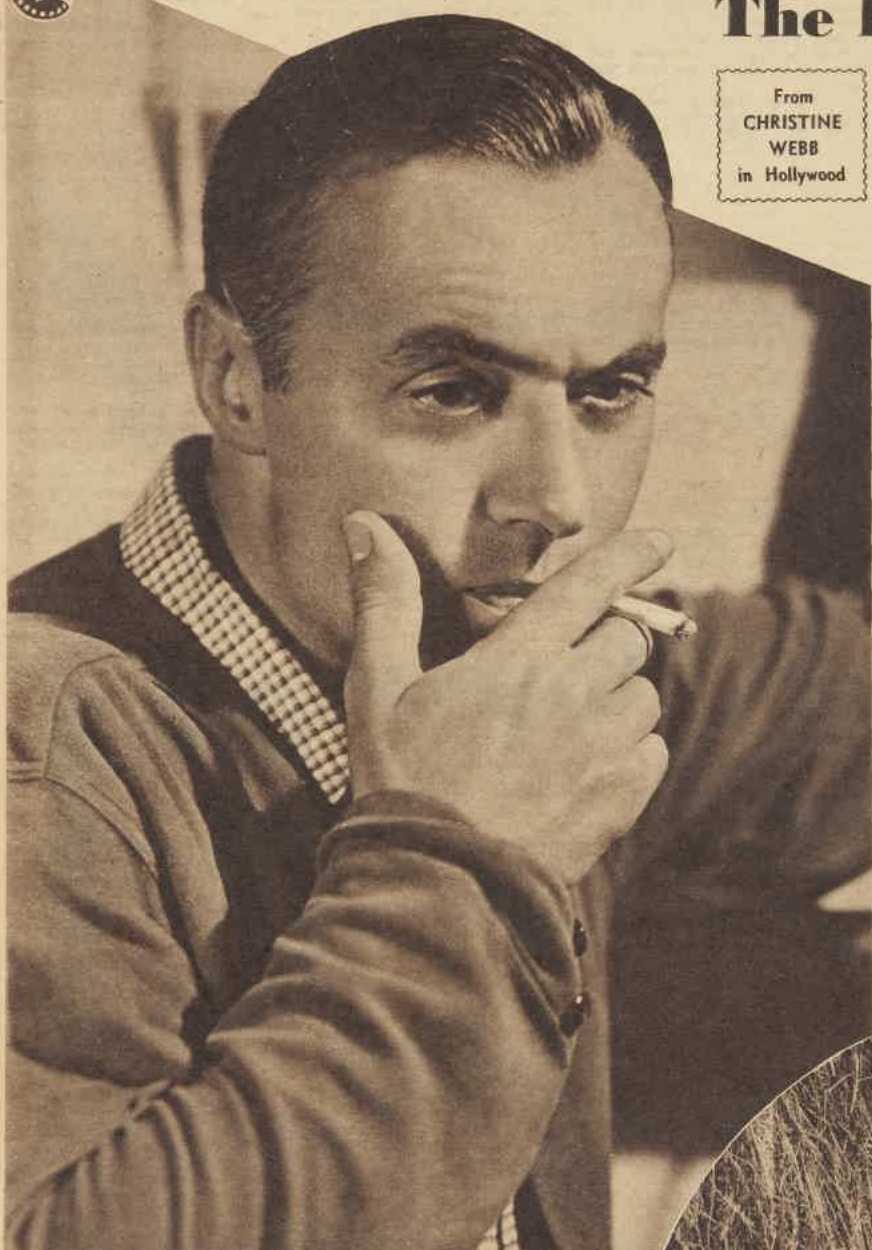
One of the few people here who are genuinely cultured, Boyer will not be dragged out to meet celebrities or be interviewed by the more pompous magazines. "I am an actor—not a literary critic," he said to one group.

He is a devoted husband of a marriage which in its seven years has never once been touched by gossip. Yet he typifies Romance—I use the capital R deliberately—to millions of the theatre public.

He works tirelessly for war relief, and consistently refused to make capital out of his experiences in the French Army. He is a connoisseur of wines, and drinks only sparingly; he dislikes all forms of active exercise, and works tirelessly on his pictures after other people are ready to drop from fatigue.

The last word on the baffling Frenchman has been given by Boyer himself. A persistent interviewer recently begged his views on marriage, war, food, life and art. Mr. Boyer refused to comment on any of them. "I am sorry," said he, "but I am not an authority—I am an actor—simply an actor."

Which, if you come to think of it, is the most adequate summing-up of Mr. Boyer that could be made.



• Charles Boyer in the contemplative mood which disguises his ironic wit, his impatience of ditherers, and his infinite talent for puzzling inquisitive Hollywood.



• Boyer and Margaret Sullivan in a scene from his current picture, Universal's remake of "Back Street," which was originally filmed in 1932 with Irene Dunne and John Boles.



• This new version of Fannie Hurst's touching love story about a married man and the little seamstress was suggested to Universal by Boyer himself over a year ago.

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SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, ADELAIDE, WELLINGTON, AUCKLAND, CHRISTCHURCH, DUNEDIN (N.Z.)

Back from Broadway...

BETTY HAS SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT NOW

BETTY GRABLE, song and dance star of three big new Fox musicals, "Down Argentine Way," "Tin Pan Alley," and "Miami," is the heroine of a success story that reads more like the script of a musical comedy film than real life.

For Betty just a year ago walked out on pictures because she was tired of appearing in college musicals.

Being a round-faced blonde, and the owner of a pair of particularly pretty legs, she had become "typed" as the high school belle and football cheerleader.

When out of the blue Broadway producer DaSylva offered her a big role in the stage show, "Dabarry Was a Lady," Betty at first demurred.

"I've never been on the stage before," she admitted.

"That's Broadway's loss," said the producer. So, disappointed in her movie progress, Betty took her chance. Broadway went mad about her singing, her dancing, and her gay stage presence.

Then Alice Faye was suddenly taken ill, and Fox had to find somebody to replace her in "Down Argentine Way" or suffer a heavy financial loss. A long-distance call was put through to Betty. She agreed to take Alice's place. As soon as the Broadway run of her show was over she checked in at Fox, with a fat contract. They say that Fox intend to "build" Betty up as a second Alice Faye.

By Joan McLeod
in Hollywood

*There's another
Barrymore on
the screen*

From JOHN B. DAVIES
in New York

THIS year you will see on the screen for the first time Diana Barrymore, John's attractive nineteen-year-old daughter.

This lucky girl has just been chosen to play opposite Spencer Tracy in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—a strangely fitting choice.

For "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," portrayed by Fredric March in a 1932 film, was first brought to the screen by Diana's own father, John. It was one of Barrymore's big "silent" successes.

Diana made her Broadway debut a few weeks ago in "Romantic Lady," and was seen by MGM talent scouts.

She was brought up by her mother, the writer Michael Strange. Barrymore's first wife, who sent her to the American Academy of Dramatic Art.



A SURPRISING number of the younger relatives of established players are breaking into the film business this year.

Loretta Young's pretty sixteen-year-old sister, Georgiana, is playing a small part in the Anna Neagle musical, "No, No, Nanette."

Without revealing her identity, Georgiana answered a studio call for girls to portray artists' models in the film.

After a couple of days' testing, director Herbert Wilcox and artist McClelland Barclay picked Georgiana from the forty-six beauties who answered the call.

The part will give her several scenes with the principals in the cast, so it's really an opportunity.

Judy Garland's sister Sue has just won a big role in MGM's "The Ziegfeld Girl." Sue is dark, attractive, and closely resembles Judy.

Bing Crosby's younger brother, Bob, well known on American radio, plays a big part in RKO's "Malvina Swings II." In the film he leads his own band.

Influence doesn't seem to have got any of these players their breaks.

Chester Morris' brother, Michael, didn't tell his family that he was after a job in Columbia's "Penny Parade" (the Irene Dunne-Cary Grant film) until he had got it.

Overjoyed, he rang up the Morris home—to receive surprised congratulations from the delighted Chester.

● Blonde, blue-eyed Betty Grable (ex-Mrs. Jackie Coogan) in one of the dance costumes she wears in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Tin Pan Alley." In this musical she is co-starred with Alice Faye, who plays her sister, and each has solo numbers to sing as well as duets.





1 AFTER months in the wilds, mining engineer Tice (Melvyn Douglas) returns home joyfully to New York to wed Ann (Rosalind Russell).



2 HE IS shattered when Ann, to test their "intellectual compatibility," insists their marriage be business arrangement for six months.



3 TAKING ADVICE of his lawyer, Bertrand (Albyn Joslyn), who believes she will soon change her mind, lovesick Tice marries Ann.



4 AT THEIR first dinner party, a quarrel between Bertrand's jealous wife and his secretary confirms Ann's doubts about marriage.



5 BUT ANN manages to keep secret her own plan with Tice from old-fashioned financier who agrees to back Tice's mining venture.



6 ANN'S JEALOUSY is roused at last when she discovers Tice apparently making love to Bertrand's secretary (Binnie Barnes).

COSMETICS of the STARS

MARGARET SULLAVAN, internationally known M.G.M. Star, has consistently given one sterling performance after another in performance pictures. Miss Sullivan knows the value of Color Harmony in make-up. You, too, can share her secret through the advice of Max Factor's Hollywood. Screen Stars choose the make-up which is most flattering to their own natural beauty. The correct shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick will flatter you and bring a new loveliness. By filling in the coupon below you will receive from Max Factor's Hollywood Analysis and Color Harmony Chart listing the shades for your individual type.

Max Factor Normalizing Cleansing Cream "agrees" with your skin whether it is dry, oily or normal.

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Max Factor, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia. Send Max Factor postage Rouge Sampler and Lipstick palette, 1 cosmetic sponge in stamp to cover postage and handling. Also send one my Color Harmony Makeup chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Makeup" by Max Factor.

FREE

NAME	COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
	Very Light <input type="checkbox"/> Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
	Fair <input type="checkbox"/> Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
ADDRESS	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/> Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
	Medium <input type="checkbox"/> Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
CITY OR TOWN	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/> Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Black <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWN <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
STATE	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>
	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
	Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	

If hair is curly, check eye photo and hair.

This comedy introduced Douglas to Rosalind

FRIENDSHIP BEGINS ON SET OF "THIS THING CALLED LOVE"

ALTHOUGH both have been working at MGM for the past five years, Melvyn Douglas and Rosalind Russell were introduced for the first time on the set of Columbia's "This Thing Called Love."

Douglas and Rosalind were lent by MGM to Columbia to play the leads in this new streamlined romantic farce.

It is surprising how many of Hollywood's big stars have never met and only see each other occasionally, and at a distance, on premiere or preview nights.

Hollywood is a big place and players are busy people who rarely move off the lot when they are working. They've all got their own friends, and not much time for making new ones.

That's why those who hold contracts with a studio like being lent to a rival firm. It's a change—and they have a chance of renewing acquaintances, and making new friendships among people who have the same interests.

Knew her well

CARY GRANT was pleased to comply when asked to move his make-up box over to MGM for just one picture, the leading role opposite Katharine Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story."

Before Katie went off to New York in 1938, he had starred with her in a number of RKO films: their latest productions were "Bringing Up Baby" and "Holiday."

Cary admires Katharine tremendously. He's obsessed with the idea that she should get an Academy

Award for her performance in "The Philadelphia Story."

Many well-known players will meet as strangers on studio sets this year.

Merle Oberon is on loan to Warners for one picture—"Affectionately Yours," in which young Dennis Morgan will be her leading man.

Merle herself used to be a star at Warners, but when she married the producer, Alexander Korda, she signed a contract to make films only for him.

She had left Warners before Dennis Morgan came on the scene.

She is quiet

I WONDER how jaunty young Robert Montgomery is going to like that retiring Swedish girl Ingrid Bergman? She has been lent by producer David Selznick to MGM to play opposite Montgomery in the film version of James Hilton's "Rage in Heaven."

It's Ingrid's first picture since "Intermezzo." Since she completed that film she's been living quietly in Hollywood, attending concerts and plays, and perfecting her English.

Ingrid and Montgomery move in different circles—but they share a love of music, and both know England well.

A real camaraderie developed between Claudette Colbert and Hedy Lamarr during those months when they were working on MGM's "Boom Town," with Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable.

Now MGM wants to borrow Claudette again from Paramount to make a sequel, "Some Day I'll Find You," which will reunite the quartet. Claudette thinks it an excellent idea.

New Hollywood brides

EIGHT RECENT WEDDINGS PROVE THAT FORMALITY IS THE FASHION

From JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

● Bette Davis and Arthur Farnsworth, seen at left cutting their wedding cake, chose to be married in the beautiful Arizona ranch-home of Mr. and Mrs. Justin Dart (the former film star, Jane Bryan). Relatives and friends flew to the ranch for the ceremony, which was conducted by a Methodist minister.



● Andy Devine (right) and his wife toast groom and bride Broderick Crawford and Kay Griffith.



● Dennis O'Keefe and Steffi Duna chose a civil ceremony held at Phoenix, Arizona.



● Broderick Crawford's delighted mother, actress Helen Broderick, kisses her new daughter-in-law.



● Leading his bride, Lucille Ball, by the hand, Desi Arnaz returns to their New York hotel to announce their surprise marriage in the little town of Greenwich, Connecticut.

Ceremonies in well-known homes

THE popular wedding in the film colony to-day is held with formality either in a church or in a friend's flower-decked home, with a big guest-list.

The young people — and Hollywood is full of young players — have set the fashion. The not-so-young, who have been married before, have followed it wherever possible.

I have lately been a guest at no fewer than three home ceremonies — which are, incidentally, very popular all over the United States.

Broderick Crawford and Kay Griffith were married at the home of Andy Devine, who acted as best man, and Andy's six-year-old son, Tad, was a page-boy. This wedding, filled with happy customs, and attended by an enormous number of friends, could have been held in any simple home of ordinary people.

The lovely rambling house of the Lanes saw, more recently, a double wedding. Shy Leota, a singer, married stockbroker Edward Pitts, and Lola (who has been married before) became the wife of stockbroker Henry Clay Dunham. The girls wore simple but lovely white gowns, and carried individual bouquets.

Well-known hostess

THOSE who flew to Arizona for Bette Davis' marriage to Arthur Farnsworth tell me that the whole affair was beautifully arranged by the hostess, Mrs. Justin Dart. You know her as film star Jane Bryan.

Bette herself wore a gown of soft white crepe, cunningly draped, a little turban to match, which she removed as soon as the actual ceremony was over — and looked radiant. At Mrs. Dart's insistence, the wedding took place on the Darts' own first anniversary.

The Frank Morgans threw open their home for the wedding of Chester Morris and Mrs. Lillian Barker; and it was in the Joe E.

Brown's comfortable family residence that Bennie Barnes was wed to radio-announcer Mike Frankovich. Penny Singleton and producer Robert Sparks were wed in the house of a mutual friend.

Those Arizona and Nevada marriages before a justice of the peace

do still take place. Mary Healy and Peter Lind Hayes flew to Yuma. So did Paul Kelly and his bride, Claire Owen. Robert Preston and Kay Feltus went to Nevada.

But these "elopements" (with Press photographers along) are regarded to-day as old-fashioned!

It might have been serious..

"Speaking of personal daintiness, no woman likes using strong, staining chemicals which need so much care in dilution. Why, they're positively dangerous! I was always afraid till I found 'Dettol'. What a blessing it is! So certain in its action, yet so gentle."



Considering its perfect suitability for feminine hygiene, 'Dettol' might have been made specially for women. It is instant death to all germs. And its gentle action upon tissue permits safe, rapid healing. 'Dettol' is non-poisonous and non-staining, clear and clean to use and pleasant to smell. Even a few drops in the bath give a confident assurance all day. Sold by chemists only, in 2/1 & 3/8 bottles.

... if it hadn't been for 'Dettol'



Rockitt & Colman (Aust.) Ltd.
(Pharmaceutical Dept.) Sydney

Name on wedding gown

From CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

FOR her choral church wedding to Owen Ward in Los Angeles three and a half weeks ago, Brenda Joyce chose the most unusual wedding gown.

Made of white organdie, its only decoration was the embroidery of her own real name, "Betty," on one side of its full skirt and "Owen" on the other, with a dove in between. Travis Banton, Fox dress-designer, created the frock.

This wedding rounds off a romance which began three years ago, when Brenda and Owen were fellow-students at a Californian university.

INSIST ON FLY-TOX

THE INSECT SPRAY THAT IS MORE ECONOMICAL

Fly-Tox is the world's most effective and most economical spray. Fly-Tox is different . . . it's full strength . . . it's penetrating . . . it goes further and it lasts longer. For true economy insist on Fly-Tox. Look for the name on every bottle—it's your guarantee of efficiency and value.

Fly-Tox is the best buy . . .
"A little kills the lot."



FLY-TOX

IT KILLS all INSECTS

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ RANGERS OF FORTUNE

(Week's Best Release)
Fred MacMurray, Patricia Morison,
Albert Dekker. (Paramount.)

SET in the early days of Texas, this film combines comedy with turbulent Western, thrills of gunplay, hand-to-hand fighting, and swift action.

It's a tale of three scapegrace young men who are looking for adventure, and find it in a Texas town. The odd but likeable trio is played by Fred MacMurray, Albert Dekker (he's chief comedian), and Gilbert Roland, with the accent on Fred.

There's romance in it for Fred—in the person of Patricia Morison.

This story of three dashing bad men is something out of the "Wild West" rut, and it has more than enough action to satisfy the average Western fan. Pig-tailed Betty Brewer looks like a "find" of the year.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

★ DR. KILDARE GOES HOME

Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore.
(MGM.)

JUST for a change this film, the latest of the "Kildare" series, is set in Dr. Kildare's home town instead of in a big city hospital.

The story deals with the efforts of Kildare (Lew Ayres), seconded by Gillespie (Lionel Barrymore), to establish a clinic in a small community.

You have the usual good-natured "liffa" between earnest Kildare and irascible Gillespie.

There's a sameness to these films, compensated for by the realistic characterisations and homely humor. An interesting addition to the cast is Gene Lockhart, who plays a hard-headed business man.—State; showing.

★ GOLD-RUSH MAISIE

Ann Southern, Lee Bowman.
(MGM.)

THIRD of the "Maisie" series, starring Ann Southern, this film strikes a more serious note than either of its predecessors.

Ann's amusing portrayal of the wisecracking, fast-thinking show-girl still predominates.

But in this film Maisie is out to help one of those homeless dust-bowl families—seeking food, rather than fortune, in a gold-rush district.

Lee Bowman plays a disillusioned rancher on whom Maisie calls for assistance.

This film has plenty of comedy situations and wisecracks. As Maisie Ann Southern gives her usual racy performance. Her tipsy scene with Lee Bowman is a highlight of the film.—State; showing.

★ YOU'LL FIND OUT

Kay Kyser, Peter Lorre, Boris Karloff.
(RKO.)

KAY KYSER and his band, and that trio of Hollywood "horror men," Peter Lorre, Boris Karloff, and Bela Lugosi, are odd fellow-players in this film. It's a thriller with music—and comedy.

The story is logical enough. Band-leader Kyser is engaged to play at the birthday party of a young heiress held at her gloomy country home. That night the sinister trio plan to murder the girl to gain possession of her inheritance.

This film certainly provides a variety of entertainment. It is Kyser's second film, and it gives him a good opportunity to prove his acting ability.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

BARNYARD FOLLIES

Mary Lee, Rufe Davis. (Republic.)
DOZENS of small boys and girls, as well as hill-billy singers from American radio, frolic through "Barnyard Follies," a musical with a country-town background.

The story deals with the efforts of an orphanage head (Harry Cheshire) to make his orphanage self-supporting through an agricultural scheme. Two town slylocks who don't want to lose any business are out to stop his project.

A troupe of stranded night-club entertainers come to the assistance of the youngsters.

The leading orphan is that attractive fourteen-year-old, Mary Lee, who sings several numbers, best of which is "Big Boy Blue."

The radio stars include Rufe Davis with his imitations of various instruments, the "Kidoodlers," and the "Cackle Sisters"—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ The Great Dictator. Charlie Chaplin in superb satire on Hitler. Plaza, 9th week.
★★★ 40,000 Horsemen. Grant Taylor, Betty Bryant in magnificent Australian adventure of the Light Horse. Mayfair, 8th week.
★★★ Arise, My Love. Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland in fascinating comedy romance. Prince Edward, 4th week.
★★★ The Letter. Bette Davis in tense drama. Century, 2nd week.



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ODO-RO-DO
CREAM

SAFELY STOPS
PERSPIRATION



Non-greasy — Stainless
Won't irritate skin or rot dresses
Quick! No waiting for it to dry
Use before or after shaving,
as you prefer.

1/1 and 2/1.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

A SON has just been born to Mary Maguire, the Australian film star, who is living in London. He will be christened Michael Robert.

Her husband, Captain Gordon-Canning, was released from Brixton Prison under escort to see the baby.

As a member of The Link, a pro-Nazi organisation founded in London in 1937, Captain Gordon-Canning was interned a few months after the outbreak of war. He married Mary in August, 1939.

MGM is planning to present Joan Crawford in sophisticated comedies. The first move in that direction was the recent purchase of a farce entitled "She Was His Boss."

SAMUEL GOLDWYN, the film producer, has withdrawn from the United Artists' Corporation, of which he has been a member for the past fourteen years.

Goldwyn was elected to the corporation in 1927 by the other owner-members, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, the late Doug Fairbanks, Joseph M. Schenck, and D. W. Griffith.

BECAUSE he demanded money with threats from film star Betty Grable, James Thompson, known as the "Singing Waiter," was arrested last week in Philadelphia.

It is asserted that he wrote to Betty demanding £2500. She immediately got in touch with the police.

KAY FRANCIS is in love, the lucky man being Australian Ivan Goff, the writer.

IN the script of Alexander Korda's film, "Lady Hamilton," there are three separate sequences in which King Ferdinand, Queen Caroline of Naples, and their children appear.

According to the research department, the royal couple had seventeen children! As there is a time lapse of several years between sequences, three youngsters have to be selected for each role.

In all, fifty-one children will be needed, and by the time the final selection has been made the harassed casting director estimates he will have interviewed nearly a thousand applicants!

GRETA GARBO will leave soon on a trip to Nassau, as the guest of her friends, the Wennegrens, of Sweden. Gaylord Hauser will be included among the guests on their palatial yacht.

It is quite likely that Garbo will meet the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, since Lady Mendl, whom Garbo knows well, will be in Nassau, and she is a close friend of the Duchess.

MYRNA LOY will continue her career as the perfect screen wife to William Powell. Their next picture, "Love Crazy," will be another mad comedy with the sort of nonsense in which these two excel.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO

SINCE HER PRESS AGENT LEFT SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HER NEXT HUSBAND IS COMING FROM.

LAUGH FROM THE SEATS

SHAVE 25¢ WITH OR WITHOUT CONVERSATION

UNLIKE MOST BEAUTY CONTEST WINNERS, IT TOOK **ALAINE BRANDES** 17 YEARS TO GET TO HOLLYWOOD AFTER WINNING HER FIRST BEAUTY CONTEST— (SHE WAS JUDGED PRETTIEST OF 500 ENTRANTS IN A BABY CONTEST IN 1923!)

SIGN IN A HOLLYWOOD BARBER SHOP WINDOW—

You may meet "him" TONIGHT . .



Romance is just around the corner for the girl who is jealous of her complexion. Use only Australian Rice Powder on your skin. Superior quality, clings for hours, all popular shades. Only 6d. Also Australian Rose Rouge, 4d.

AUSTRALIAN RICE face powder

End Rheumatism While You Sleep



If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, if there is a burning, itching, through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Getting up Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Burning, Itching Passages, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Cuts, Etc. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble. The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles:

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary System in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organ, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by Doctors, Chemists, and One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by Doctors and Chemists in 23 countries and by one-time sufferers from the troubles, shown above. Mr. Reg. Thomas, Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were old stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough trial. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours. If you don't feel completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Ask now! Now in 3 sizes— 1/10, 4/2, 8/4.

This is a **GUARANTEED Cystex** Remedy for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

QUICK RELIEF Neuralgia

Acute and pains GO in a matter of minutes when you take Cream of Yeast. These handy-sized tablets, taken with a glass of water, act on the system faster than anything else you may have tried, relieving nerve and muscular pains. Containing certain proven medicinal agents plus the active brain-giving properties of live yeast, they tone up the whole system, purify the blood, give you new pep and vitality. Fully guaranteed.

CREAM of YEAST

Sold everywhere. 1/3, 2/-, 1/6, and 4/6.

Pile Sufferers

You can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Nothing but an internal remedy can do this—that's why cutting and salves fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaseline, a harmless tablet, is guaranteed to quickly and safely banish any form of pile misery or money back. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee. Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

On the Social Record

by Miss Midnight

Bagpipes at church...

TRUE to their name, the Vauluse Gillespies are keeping up Scottish tradition this Wednesday. Daughter Jean will be piped into Fullerton Memorial Church for her wedding with Jimmy London, and later the bride and groom will be piped into supper-marquee on lawns of Mrs. David Gillespie's home in Towns Road.

It will be grand gathering of Gillespies. Only one missing will be youngest brother, Adam, who is abroad with R.A.F.

This is third wedding in family within seven months... first Winifred, then David, now Jean.

Lots of country guests... From Goulburn, where bride and groom will live, are coming Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Jeffrey, Canon and Mrs. McKeown. From Taree, Mr. and Mrs. de B. Curtis, and Dr. Anya Henderson from Brisbane.

Dummy observation...

SEEM to be dummy more often than anyone else at Forum Club bridge party arranged by A.A.M.C. Macquarie auxiliary... so become an observer. Mrs. Matt Hiatt beats autumn by a few weeks by wearing fresh yellow crocus on lapel of grey tailleur... Mrs. R. V. Bretherton's turquoise beads and earrings most effective with black moire frock and small black chapeau... Gunnedah visitor Mrs. Russell Baker sports nice brown angora halo hat and chunky pearl necklace with brown frock... Rose Ginsberg's cocoa crepe frock has pretty china-blue beaded pockets... Phyllis Wells does good business selling sweets.

Did you know?...

MR. AND MRS. H. A. SMITH are off to Melbourne for son Bob's wedding this Saturday with Wilma Nugent at St. John's, Toorak. Bob is airways pilot and Wilma air hostess. Mrs. Bruce Steer is staying indefinitely with her parents, the Otway Fulkners, at Boonoke. Her husband was transferred from India to Malaya and Lawre was not permitted to accompany him.

Queensland-bound...

THE Munro clan is heading north for 91st birthday of their "laird," Mr. Ross Munro... this Thursday at Ross Roy.

Mrs. Clive Reid, the Jack Chandlers with Mary and Rossie, the Roy Munros, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ross and Jacqueline, will be there.

Other Sydneysiders enjoying Queensland climate are Allison Forbes Mackay, guest of her sister, Mrs. Douglas Cotton, at Indooroopilly; and Mrs. Keith Stanton, who arrived by air with small Susan and baby son Richard, to stay six weeks at Toowoomba with her mother, Mrs. Burton Yaldwyn.

Diamante to match...

SO smart... Lorna Marsden dancing at Prince's in one of the new "long torso" silhouettes of white crepe sprinkled with diamante to match her diamond solitaire. Party in celebration of her engagement to Dr. Albert Khan.

Those who shower the newly-engageds with good wishes include Dr. and Mrs. Bob Paterson, the Frank Huntingtons, Mrs. M. Burch, Shirley Burch, Mrs. William Westbrook, Lorna Sorlie, Alex Mackay, Ted Speet, Bill Westbrook.

They like Mr. Mair...

INFANTS at Redfern Day Nursery take great liking to Premier Alex Mair when he declares open new creche.

Toddlers insist on giving him their colored balls, blocks, and toys. "Must be my kind face," says he, chuckling. "Soon as they get old enough to think about income tax they mightn't be so friendly."

Mrs. Clive Robinson, manning outsize teapot at afternoon tea, says "Come to Point Piper auxiliary's card party for A.A.M.C., February 25."

Then I meet Mrs. H. S. Foll, just elected president of committee organising Admiralty House children's party on March 8 and 9. "Lady Gowrie is hoping for fine weather," she tells me.

Senator and Mrs. Foll's young charges, John and Michael Fethney, who say life in Sydney is "wonderful," will be at party, as British evacuee children will be Lady Gowrie's special guests.

His name is John...

JOHN is obvious choice for name of Brian and Marla Egan's son and heir... two uncles and a grandfather are Johns. This three-weeks-old infant is at Collaroy with his parents, so I guess it won't be long now before he is seen in diminutive trunks on beach, looking as brown as his attractive mother.

Cabled congratulations on John's arrival come from his aunt Betty... Mrs. John Plunkett Cole. Betty has been working hard with Wrens since she went to England. She is off to Scotland soon to take a cottage on the banks of Loch Lomond.

Two Richardsons...

LOOKS like a little bit of Richardson confusion ahead. Gladys Richardson, newly-appointed secretary of Queensland Red Cross, tells me that secretary of Victorian division is Ivo Richardson... but she has distinction of being only woman secretary in Australia.

Farewells to Glad include dinner and theatre party. Mrs. Ken Williams the hostess; the R.C.H.Y.S. party this Friday. Mrs. T. H. Bryce and Chris Firbank also entertaining before the small but so energetic Gladys takes up new duties.

Seen around town...

MELANIE PRICE JONES, in stunning red woollen evening coat, at "No Time for Comedy" with Mrs. Edward Macarthur Onslow and Mrs. Ken Mackay... between acts exchanging recent news from husbands abroad with same machine-gun battalion. Melanie has full-time job organising "Midsummer Night's Dream" at Theatre Royal, February 27.

And heard...

FRANK BRAGG, of Rossdale, Aberdeen, has joined Air Force.

Doug Levy's daughter, Susan, is starting on secretarial course.

Mrs. Terry Abbott has gone back to her "old love"—vet. science—at the Varsity.

Elizabeth Teece is "potting" aeroplanes in England... that is, working with R.A.F. detecting enemy planes by sound.



● TWO FOR TEA at opening day of Kindergarten Training College... attractive students Joan Bercy and Elizabeth Armistead.



● SALADS, PLEASE... Captain and Mrs. Don Dwyer perch on stools at Army War Comforts canteen, 77 King Street. Barbara Davies is voluntary helper.



● PEGGY COPLEY stands by to take care that little Joanna Titherington doesn't fall during playtime at Redfern Day Nursery.



● STAGE CHAT... Brenda Dunrich and actress Jane Conolly at Carlton Hotel when they are entertained by Playgoers' Club.



● "GLAD TO BE BACK," says Commander Dalton, D.S.O., arriving at Town Hall for civic reception accorded men of H.M.A.S. Sydney.



● MRS. TONY HANDCOCK waits while her husband, Lieut.-Commander Handcock, answers questions about the Sydney's exploits... at welcome reception.



● BETWEEN SETS at blitzkrieg tennis tournament. From left: Mr. G. J. M. Best, Mr. G. L. Moline, Mrs. H. B. St. John, Mrs. Best, and Mr. St. John shelter beneath colorful sun umbrella.



● BEACH SCENE... John Cazaban lights cigarette for his wife after they swim at Lady.

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Right in your home you can make the famous Liberty Sweets for us, and earn more money regularly every week for your needs. Any one can do this simple work in spare or full time. No experience needed—we show how. Free working outfit and materials supplied, and we purchase the sweets you make by our signed Guarantee, and pay freight on all sent to us. Distance no object. We must have workers—the demand for Liberty Confectionery exceeds supply. Don't delay—start now.



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Relief in three short seconds with **Frostene**—magic new foot creme containing frankincense and myrrh—cooling healants used by ancient Eastern kings to soothe feet tortured by the fiery heat of desert sands.

To-day, these same healing unguents will soothe and cool your feet when hot summer days cause burning, stinging, itching and swelling.

See how soothing, cooling **Frostene** vanishes into your feet... feel how quickly it draws out all the fire and pain... feel how it eases inflamed congested tissues, reduces swelling. Enjoy the comfort and relief of cool refreshed invigorated feet.

Frostene deodorises and neutralises poisonous acid sweat, too.

All chemists sell cool, magic-acting **Frostene** in good-size tubes... greaseless, stainless. Rub it in night and morning—enjoy foot comfort through the longest summer day.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

Enemy Sighted

Continued from page 6

IN the hushed silence he watched his diving officer take her down and level her off at fifty feet. In the close confines of the control-room, with the watertight doors closed between them and the rest of the ship, surrounded by men who had shared his every waking moment for months, Howe felt a flow of confidence. They were ready, ready for anything that might happen and these men, he knew, would follow him without question wherever he might lead.

"Two knots. Up periscope." Still in the smoke screen, Howe could see nothing. "Down periscope. Eight knots."

He waited for what seemed an eternity. They must be out of the smoke now. "Two knots." The periscope slid silently upward. They were clear.

Howe could see the top and the bridge of the *Schroder*. "Ten thousand yards. Bearing three five zero, angle on the bow fifteen port. Down periscope, eight knots."

"You are twenty-six hundred yards from the track, Captain," Jordan, the fire-control assistant, announced. "If she is making top speed you have just eleven minutes to get in with a straight bow shot, and a ninety track."

"Come left to course one two zero," Howe ordered.

"I'll run on this course for two minutes," he told Jordan. "Then I'll swing down to meet her." He saw Jordan snap his stopwatch.

"I'm going to fire angle shots with the bow tubes," Howe informed his assistant. "Parallel and opposite courses. We will reserve the stern tubes for the unexpected."

Howe was going to lose no time dallying. Eleven minutes would seem like eleven years to the *Perseus* and anything might happen in that time. He was going to cut all the time he could off the approach.

The *Schroder* apparently thought she had everything her own way.

She was steaming on, oblivious of everything except the necessity of finishing off a badly-damaged light cruiser. Any moment the smoke

screen might lift enough to bring the *Perseus* under murderous fire.

"Two minutes, Captain." It was like a drill. Howe was aware of nerves tense to the breaking point. The indivisible responsibility for the effectiveness of his ship, for the success of the whole action, for the final outcome of events of momentous importance pressed down upon his mind. Those about him seemed oblivious of any excitement.

"Two knots. Up periscope. Range fifty-five hundred, angle on the bow ten port, bearing seven nine. Down periscope."

"Come right to course two one two, eight knots," he ordered. "All tubes ready for firing. Bow tubes ninety degrees left angle. Give him twenty-five knots."

He could be oblivious of excitement, too, if so much didn't depend upon his success. It was a set-up. The target was coming down on a straight course at a steady speed with no screen. She probably didn't suspect a submarine within thousands of miles. It only remained to get off his torpedoes before being sighted.

That was going to be the hard part. The sea was smooth and oily. Sharp eyes would detect the least ruffle on its surface.

"Looks like you've got her, Captain," Jordan said calmly. "You will be just a thousand yards from her track when you complete the turn. Four minutes to go."

Four minutes. The ship slowly turned around the compass. She had yet to complete the turn. Great heaven, how slowly she swung. He would depend upon the listener to track her and keep him informed of her progress. No more periscope exposures until they were ready to fire. If she changed course in the meantime there would have to be some lightning calculations when he looked again.

"All tubes ready for firing, sir," announced the chief torpedoman. Howe glanced at the array of ready lights. Forward and aft in the torpedo-rooms the torpedomen would be standing by the tubes, their eyes on the gauges, waiting for the toll-tale thud of the torpedo leaving the tube. The *Perseus* was at last steady on the firing course.

"Bearing three four zero," the listener reported. "Bearing three three five."

It was the waiting that was hardest, waiting and not knowing what was going on on the surface. Suppose the *Schroder* had suddenly decided to change course away from him. At the speed she was making he would have lost all chance of getting in by the time he looked.

The hand of the stop-watch crawled around the dial with slow deliberation. Two minutes to go.

"BEARING three two five, sir. She is coming down rapidly." One minute to go.

"Two knots." He waited as long as he dared for the speed to fall off the ship. There could be no feather on a day like this. "Up periscope." Crouching low to the eyepiece he followed the periscope as it rose, stopping it as soon as he could see.

There she is. She seems close. They must be inside a thousand yards, he told himself.

Howe set his periscope to the firing bearing. The *Schroder* still had a little way to go to the cross wires. "Stand by!"

He saw the flash of a gun. The *Schroder* commenced a turn towards him. He had been sighted. A gleam of the sun on glass, a tiny feather in that smooth sea, it made no difference what it was. The damage had been done.

"Fire One." He would fire a wide spread as rapidly as he could.

"Fire Two. Right five degrees rudder." The *Schroder* was turning rapidly. He couldn't hope for four hits now.

"Fire Three." She could avoid some of them but at least one of that wide spread would get her.

"Fire Four... Right fifteen degrees rudder. Eight knots. Stand by the after tubes!"

They felt the dull jar of a mighty explosion. The *Schroder* had been hit. Howe saw a huge column of water arise well aft.

It was mere guesswork now. The *Schroder* herself wouldn't know what she was doing, hit like that while swinging to full rudder.

"Give her fifteen knots. Make her course two seven zero," Howe called out.

"What's the set up on a straight

WHAT'S the ANSWER?

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

1—There's been great interest in the comet that has been wandering in our skies lately! When a comet wanders to its point in its orbit nearest the sun, it reaches its Nadir—apogee—zenith—perihelion.

2—When setting the table, it is correct to place knives, forks, and spoons so that they may be used in order of courses.

From the outside inwards— from the inside outwards.

3—Sir Thomas Blamey, General Officer Commanding the A.I.F. in the Middle East—you know all that, of course, but it should be preceded by

General—Major-General— Lieutenant-General— Brigadier-General.

4—You've heard of the "Koh-i-noor," famous diamond of the British Crown. It was discovered in

India—South Africa—Brazil—The Argentine.

5—Shrapnel is actually Bomb splinters—a shower of small bullets contained in and exploded from a shell—shell splinters—machine-gun bullets.

6—Lord Somers, who has been appointed Chief Scout of the

United Kingdom in succession to the late Lord Baden-Powell, is well known to many Australians as he was formerly

Governor of Victoria—vice-captain of one of the English Test cricket teams—Acting Governor-General of Australia—one of the judges at our Empire Games.

7—You don't have to be a great artist to know that the color of raw sienna is

Reddish-brown—greenish-yellow—rust—dark brown—brownish-yellow.

8—Approximately how many men were enlisted in the British Empire's armies in the last war?

4½ millions—5—6—8½—7—7½—8—8½.

9—No, farinaceous food isn't very thrilling, seeing that it means

A very light diet—foods consisting of flour or meal—lightly cooked milk and eggs—toast and weak broths.

10—Now don't all shout at once, but the tree under which the "jolly swagman" of "Waltzing Matilda" fame camped was a

Kurrajong—blue gum—iron bark—mulga—coolibah.

Answers on page 34

stern shot? Ease the rudder, steady as you go."

Things weren't quite so calm about him now. The diving officer was having trouble keeping the depth after the rapid discharge of torpedoes forward had spoiled his trim. The fire-control assistant was peering over his table of instruments to complete the data the captain demanded. The quartermaster was steady on the new course.

Three or four guns were blazing away merrily at him. The splashes arose all around the periscope. At eight knots his periscope would be displaying a big white plume. Never mind the gunfire, though. He could only lose one of his periscopes. No ship was going to get away from

him with only one hit after an approach like that.

"Periscope angle one nine eight, sir," the fire-control assistant answered.

Here she comes. The fire-control data wasn't likely to be within miles of being right, but the *Schroder* had closed the range by her manoeuvres. He wouldn't miss with both.

"Fire five." She was still firing. Those rain drops must be machine-gun bullets. "Fire six."

He saw one of the torpedoes rise straight up out of the sea, stand for an instant on its tail, and then drop back. Defective torpedo. Everything happened all at once.

Please turn to page 32

ALL OVER AUSTRALIA PEOPLE LISTEN AND LAUGH AT ...

JACK DAVEY'S
"YES-NO JACKPOTS"

MONDAYS, 9.45 p.m.

"THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK"

General Knowledge Jackpots

SATURDAYS, 9.40 p.m.

2GB

THE ADVENT RADIO CHURCH

Conducted by PASTOR W. E. BATTYE

AN INSPIRING FRIENDLY SERVICE THAT HAS BECOME FOR THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE AN ESSENTIAL PART OF SUNDAY RADIO.

2GB

SUNDAYS
5.30 p.m.

Bayer's Aspirin TABLETS



DRAMATIC SPEED TEST

Drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. In 2 seconds—by the time it hits the bottom of the glass—it is disintegrating. See for yourself this way why Bayer's Aspirin acts so quickly.

stops pain

You can be certain when you buy Bayer's Aspirin Tablets that you are getting the genuine Aspirin which never varies in its complete effectiveness of relief from headache, neuralgia, colds, flu, lumbago, sciatica, rheumatism and all nerve pains. Insist on Bayer's Aspirin.

quicker surer... safer...

MADE IN AUSTRALIA for 20 years



FREE

LADIES' dainty
HANDKERCHIEFS
AND OTHER USEFUL GIFTS
for **DAD** CARTON
FRONTS

Reference No. 112-Ladies' dainty Lawn Handkerchiefs, prettily embroidered; assorted colours or White. Box of 3, for 24 points.

Reference No. 113-Ladies' Lawn Handkerchiefs as above. Box of 6, for 40 points.

Reference No. 114-Ladies' dainty Handkerchief, singles, wrapped in cellophane, available in coloured grounds, coloured borders or fancy White, for 8 points. 1/2 stand DAD Washing Tablets Carton Fronts count 2 points.



DAD Washing Tablets are amazing. They clean out all dirt and grease without work, without effort. They will not harm the most delicate materials. Do your washing the new way. DAD way.

DAD

WASHING TABLETS

Write for further details and special coloured folders listing all gifts available to—

DAD Gifts, Post Office Box 45, CAMPERDOWN, N.S.W.

This offer does not apply in South Australia.

**New Under-arm
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration**



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 4d. jar.

All Chemists and stores selling toilet goods.
Distributors: Fussell & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

PILES

How to relieve them.

You can't mistake piles. You feel uneasy and fidgety, wondering how on earth to stop that irritation or bleeding.

Day and night piles worry you, taking your heart out of your job. You can't stand still for long, and you feel just as bad when sitting. Piles are dilated or inflamed veins of the lower bowel and are aggravated by a cold or constipation. In severe cases surgical treatment even may be necessary.

Let DOAN'S Ointment give you the relief you so sorely need. This special pile prescription is healing, antiseptic and soothing. That is why it is equally successful in overcoming eczema and other itching skin complaints. But, be sure you get DOAN'S.

DOAN'S OINTMENT

Women also Serve

First birthday of Anzac Buffet Ladies' Auxiliary



MRS. SAM JONES, one of the three organisers of the Anzac Buffet Ladies' Auxiliary, smiles as she reports on the success of its first year.

THE Anzac Buffet Ladies' Auxiliary in Sydney is about to celebrate its first birthday.

To the three women responsible for the formation of the auxiliary, the year has been one of hopes, hard work and some disappointments, but much well-deserved success.

For the success they pay tribute to their 500 voluntary helpers.

Mrs. Sam Jones, Miss Leo Wray, Miss Edith Hill, and the other workers can look back on a year in which the statistics of the auxiliary grew to most impressive proportions.

From the auxiliary storeroom to the Anzac Buffet in Hyde Park are supplied daily 2 bags of sugar, 1000 cigarettes, 2 gallons of tomato sauce, 2 gallons of pickles, 12lb. of tea, and 23lb. of biscuits.

The story behind the achievement is one of the most interesting of the many which have surrounded wartime organisations.

At the outbreak of war, three major ex-servicemen's organisations in N.S.W., the R.S.A.I.L.A., the Limbless Soldiers' Association, and the T.B. Soldiers and Sailors' Association decided to start a canteen for present service men.

They secured the kiosk in Hyde Park from the City Council, called it the Anzac Buffet, and affiliated with the Lord Mayor's Patriotic and War Fund.

It was then that Mrs. Jones, Miss Wray, and Miss Hill became interested and decided to call a public meeting to discuss ways of raising funds to enable the Anzac Buffet to become self-supporting.

Offers of help

AT the first meeting it was estimated that one of the major needs of the buffet would be large quantities of sugar.

Immediately more than a dozen people offered to be regular monthly contributors of money for a bag of sugar each. These contributions still continue.

Offices on the seventh floor of Forsythe House were offered and accepted, and the auxiliary became an established fact.

The organisers paid personal calls on every person who had offered money or help, and Mrs. D. Wolfensohn was elected as hon. treasurer.

"We swooped down on the Municipal Councils in most of the suburbs," said Mrs. Jones.

"In nearly every case we gained the ear of a sympathetic Mayor, who helped us to get our project moving smoothly.

"All collectors wear the auxiliary's distinctive badge, and the now well-known tins stand on tables to re-



MRS. CLIVE SMITH has three willing helpers in Acting-Sergeant-Pilot R. Robinson, Sapper R. G. Gibbons, and Able Seaman J. W. Taylor when she arrives at the depot in the auxiliary van.

ceive money, and boxes are on the floor to receive goods, which passers-by leave at the depots daily, weekly or monthly.

"Goods came in at such a rate that the question of transport became a serious problem.

"Once again a kind friend solved our worries," said Mrs. Jones.

"The auxiliary became the proud possessor of a delivery van looked after by the auxiliary's own transport officers, head of whom is Mrs. Clive Smith, who has driven the van for many months.

"Until we got our own lorry, the Women's Auxiliary Transport had given unstinting service, and had been most helpful in every way in collecting goods, and even collecting and delivering the tins to the Town

Hall, where all money is counted and credited to the Anzac Buffet Auxiliary, for sole use of the buffet."

When the canteen was moved to the new Monash building, the old kiosk became the logical home for the auxiliary.

The shelves are stocked with tinned meats, tea, pickles, tomato sauce, sugar, biscuits, and so on, but the goods do not stay in the storeroom for long.

In the twelve months before its first birthday, the auxiliary had collected £10,000 toward supplies for the buffet, which in the year served 600,000 meals to service men.

"We need further support to keep up the work, and goods sent to the kiosk, Hyde Park, will be gratefully acknowledged," said Mrs. Jones.

For The Blood, Veins, Arteries
And Heart

Elasto

Take It!
and Stop Limping

DON'T let Leg Troubles cripple you. Take 'Elasto', the Great New Remedial Remedy that acts through the blood, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense.

Leg aches and pains soon vanish when 'Elasto' is taken. Painful swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto', the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

What is 'Elasto'?

This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of revitalising the blood. Your copy is Free—see Offer below. Sufficient to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug but a vital cell-food. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised (a)tic of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, without which there can be no true healing! NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Send for FREE Booklet

Simply send your name and address to 'ELASTO', Box 1352E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting 'Elasto' booklet. Or better still, get a supply of 'Elasto' (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference 'Elasto' makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply. (A-346)

Clean smoothly...
keep woodwork
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With **VIM**

A LEVER PRODUCT 7-104 11

DIGESTION-TIRED - Can't sleep



How to get better on Benger's Food

Weary and worn out, yet she can't sleep. Her digestion is so tired that it is still struggling with the meal she took hours ago. Yet she does not know it!

Freedom from digestive strain with full nourishment, begins with the first cup of Benger's Food. Benger's is the only Food that contains the enzymes of natural digestion. If you suffer from indigestion and have no appetite for the evening meal—take a cup of Benger's Food instead.

BENGER'S

The self-digestive Food

Made in England.

MIXED AND MADE IN HALF A MINUTE

Benger's Food only takes as long to make as half a pint of milk takes to boil. For invalids and infant feeding follow the directions contained in the booklet enclosed with each tin.

Now sold in three sizes. Try Benger's at little cost in the new small size.

FREE—THESE THREE VALUABLE BOOKS

"The Truth about Dieting Drinks"
"How to Get Better on Benger's"
"The Mother and the Mother-in-Law"
A comprehensive, well-illustrated 72-page book with a special section for the Mother-in-Law. Write for your copy and address to: Benger's Food Ltd., 1, The Quadrant, 344, Oxford St., Sydney, for your free copy.

Enemy Sighted

THE jar of an explosion shook the boat. That's two, anyway, Howe thought. He didn't see it. Suddenly the periscope went black. Some one of the many missiles that had been falling around it had hit. He swung the emergency eye-piece cover in place.

"Down periscope, eight knots. All tubes reload." Two hits were not enough. She would have a lot of fight left in her. Give her time and they would be able to take the list off her. Damage to her screws and her rudder might be serious. She would be slowed down a lot and there would be something on her mind now besides the destruction of the Perseus. But the battle wasn't over.

"Come right to course zero one zero."

If she had been slowed down sufficiently there would be an opportunity to get in another attack. The Petard was in a bad position to attack again. It would take minutes to rectify it and reload the tubes. Before those minutes were over the situation had changed again.

Captain Blair was now ready to take charge again, and what he did must have been as great a surprise to the Admiral Schroder as it was to Howe.

While the Petard was making her

approach, the Perseus was lying to, but her crew had not been idle. The wounded were carried below and the surgeon and his assistant made them as comfortable as possible. The dead, too, had to be taken out of sight. It made an appalling total. The turret magazines were replenished from the unexpended ammunition in Turret One. The damage-control officer worked the list off the ship.

Their more serious damage would require a dockyard for repairs. Steam was being raised in the after boiler-room. The repair party cleared away some of the loose wreckage on deck. Crews for the undamaged anti-aircraft guns were reorganised from the men of that battery who remained alive and unwounded. The minutes passed.

The engineer reported, "We are ready to make twenty knots, Captain."

"Sound the general alarm," the captain ordered. "Tell the gunnery officer to stand by. We are going in again."

The navigator glanced at him in astonishment. Like nearly everyone else in the Perseus he had expected the cruiser to retire as soon as she could make reasonably good speed. Retire and thank their lucky stars if they didn't have to fight again. In all the months they had served with him they had failed to gauge the temper of their captain.

Continued from page 30

"All engines full speed ahead." The Perseus commenced moving through the smoke. Captain Blair coned her around until she was again headed for the enemy. The Schroder, too, was in for another surprise. The Perseus was a battered ship, but she was far from beaten yet.

In the fire-control tower Fields stood tense and ready. His guns were still loaded and primed. They might make contact now at short range when the Perseus cleared the smoke screen. The first few salvos might decide the battle. He would have to get in the first blow. He strained his eyes to penetrate the smoke that was flying past him.

Suddenly they shot out of the screen, and an unexpected sight met his eyes. He had expected to engage almost bow to bow again, but the Schroder had been trying to cut around the flank of the smoke screen when the Petard got her. She was far over on the port bow. No longer did she look like a ship with victory in her grasp.

The captain put the rudder hard over, and the Perseus changed course sharply to port, leaving the enemy on the starboard bow at as sharp an angle as he could and still get the after turrets to bear. In the seconds it took for the ship to swing and the turrets to train on their target, Blair had an opportunity to size up the situation.

The Admiral Schroder was headed to the westward, putting the Perseus on her starboard bow. Her speed was not more than ten knots, and it is probable that she was having difficulty making that, for she was listed to port and well down by the stern. That list was to prove very important to the Perseus.

The Petard, he then realised, had completed a successful attack. The Admiral Schroder was a badly damaged ship; but that she was still a fighting ship he was shortly to find out. High over head the Perseus' planes circled above her. The enemy plane was gone.

"Commence firing," Fields ordered. It was his turn to get in the first salvo, and at that range his guns would hardly miss. The sea around the target was a forest of splashes. He could see the hot red glow of hits on her armor. The air above her was filled with the smoke and debris of shells bursting in the superstructure.

SHE was vainly trying to make smoke, throwing smoke floats over the side with abandon. She wouldn't have time to make an effective screen. At this range the battle would be over in a few minutes.

"Four thousand yards," Fields heard the range-finder operator intone. Four thousand yards, and his six-inch shells could penetrate the Schroder's armor. He heard the staccato bark of the anti-aircraft guns, jubilant now that they had a target within range.

The forward turret of the pocket battleship returned the fire of the cruiser. Shortly afterwards the after turret got off a salvo.

Those on the Perseus could plainly see the movement of the guns. Her turrets were firing independently. Pointer fire. The shells they had rained on her in the early phase of the action had had their effect. Her fire-control system was disrupted. Her turrets were firing under local control. One of her five-point-nines opened up. The others must have been out of action.

The Schroder's eleven-inch shells rumbled far overhead and struck the sea a full two thousand yards beyond the cruiser. Then Captain Blair realised how fortunate he had been in making his second contact. With the Schroder's list at this close range, she couldn't depress her turret guns sufficiently to hit the Perseus.

For a full two minutes the cruiser was under the effective fire of only one five-point-nine. In those two minutes the Perseus was pumping out salvos, eight every minute, forty-eight shells a minute, and many of them were hits.

For the first few rounds that one five-point-nine was wild. Then the Perseus took a hit aft. It must have been the next shot that went through the barrette of Turret Three. Turret Three was silent. The battle belonged to Turrets Two and Four, but they were still firing on director and making very good practice.

Please turn to page 34

"Joan of Arc"—fine new radio serial

Because of its appeal to women the new 2GB dramatic feature, "Joan of Arc," will be broadcast during the morning session every Monday to Friday at 11 a.m.

THE famous story of the Maid of Orleans holds particular interest at this time when so many women are preparing to help defend their country should the need arise.

Adding to the topical interest of "Joan of Arc" was the adoption by General de Gaulle of the double cross of Lorraine as the insignia of the Free French forces. Listeners will no doubt find many an interesting parallel between France-to-day and France at the time of Joan of Arc, for "Joan of Arc" is the story of how a girl succeeded in freeing France from the heel of a tyrant.

There is in fact no more amazing story than the strange tale of the illiterate peasant girl who became the leader of armies, who crowned a King, who died a martyr's death, and in this present century was canonised.

In the dramatisation history has been faithfully followed, though romance and humor have been added to relieve the story of being a straight recital of history.

Lola Kelly, the talented New Zealand actress, was awarded the title role.

Well cast

ARUNDEL NIXON is both the acid-tongued Pierre Cauchon, the relentless inquisitor and arch-enemy of Joan, and the Dauphin of France.

Harvey Adams plays the bluff, roystering governor of Vaucouleurs, while Ronald Morse portrays Joan's faithful cousin, John Saul, of "Dad and Dave" fame; Dan Agar, radio's Mrs. Tiggs; Leonard Bennett, who came to Australia as a member of the "St. Joan" cast headed by Dame Sybil Thorndike, are others in a cast of well over sixty outstanding players.

Written by Anthony Scot Veitch, "Joan of Arc" is produced by George Matthews, who recently spent a year in Hollywood and New York studying the latest methods of radio production.

Some idea of the importance 2GB



LOLA KELLY as Joan of Arc.

attaches to entertaining its women listeners during the daytime is given by the list of personalities whose names are now associated with the 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. radio session.

From 9 to 9.45 a.m., Eric Colman is in charge of the microphone; from 9.45 to 12 noon, 2GB's new radio personality, the charming Judith Young, conducts the session, drawing on her wide knowledge of what women want to hear in the way of both entertainment and information.

At 12 noon, Mrs. W. J. Stelzer conducts a half-hour session on behalf of the 2GB Happiness Club, detailing its latest activities in both war and charitable work. To many thousands of women associated with the club this is one of the most important sessions in the day's radio.

At 12.30 p.m. Arundel Nixon brings to the microphone a session of humor and music as wide in its variety as anything ever presented by one man on the air.

From 2.15 onwards, Frank Sturge Hart is in control of the microphone, presenting among other things his famous talks on life's problems.

At 9.30 a.m. and again at 2 p.m. the Prince of Storytellers, Ellis Price, provides an interlude of story, anecdote, and philosophy.

All these are big names in radio, and guarantee good daytime entertainment.



... with the soap that leaves skin smooth, soft, fragrant

A bath with Lux Toilet Soap is a luxurious top-to-toe beauty treatment, because Lux Toilet Soap is super-creamed—rich skin cream actually blended into each tablet. The new long-lasting tablet is very economical ... and its fragrance lingers to keep you adorable.

LUX TOILET SOAP

It's Supercreamed



A LEVER PRODUCT

8,509,23



HERE'S a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

KINTHO

DOUBLE STRENGTH

Should guests take gifts to the hostess?

IT is not correct, Mrs. Montgomery (1/2/41), for a dinner guest to take a gift for the hostess. It might be embarrassing for the hostess.

Flowers, I think, are a different matter, and who is not delighted with them?

Mrs. L. Handley, 259 Wardell Rd., West Murrumbidgee, N.S.W.

Jam or cakes

VERY rarely do I go empty-handed when visiting a friend for luncheon or dinner. It is only a little contribution, say, jam, cakes, or books, but it shows my appreciation of being asked to dine.

Mrs. D. Dickenson, 4 Edmond St., Balwyn ES, Vic.

Consider others

A GIFT of flowers or sweets is always acceptable to a hostess. But what of the other guests? It would not be very tactful for one to take a gift knowing that the others might not think of it.

If one is the only guest, flowers or sweets are acceptable and in good taste.

Mrs. M. Lister, Binalong St., Young, N.S.W.

Repays trouble

IT is a happy thought to take a small gift to one's hostess occasionally.

After all she has to spend thought



A gift for a hostess if inexpensive will not cause embarrassment.

and money on her guests' enjoyment. Most women appreciate an unexpected gift.

Mrs. Fraser, Robinson St., Croydon, N.S.W.

Given's pleasure

I DO not think it a breach of etiquette if one does not bring the hostess a gift.

But, on the other hand, does not one get a thrill out of doing so?

Put yourself in your hostess' place and I feel sure that you will always take some little gift, be it ever so small.

Jean Mohr, Plymouth St., Alderley, Brisbane.



CHILD ENDOWMENT

I THINK it would be better if the Government, instead of introducing Child Endowment, raised the school leaving age to sixteen, and provided books and uniforms, so that education would be entirely free.

Thus the children themselves would benefit directly. Otherwise, some of them at least will continue to be deprived of the greatest essential—a good education—and the good intentions of the Government will be defeated.

Mrs. J. Allen, 6 Harold St., Thornbury N17, Vic.

HIGH HEELS

I WONDER how some of our women would manage if the wood for high-heeled shoes became unobtainable, as in England?

I think it would be a blessing for many legs and feet, as they are tortured in the exaggerated wooden heel of to-day.

It is a pity the moderately high leather heel is not made to appear more stylish with a dress shoe. It is certainly more comfortable and better for the feet.

Miss Mildred O'Brien, Raymond St., Launceston, Tas.

SAVES TROUBLE

WOMEN complain a great deal about the waste of time in getting meals.

Why not try my plan? I have a husband and grown-up son and daughter. No breakfast or lunch is prepared, but the refrigerator and safe are kept well stocked. The family come to the kitchen when they want food, prepare themselves a tray, and retire with a book to the verandah or garden.

I prepare an ordinary dinner at night. In this way there are no quarrels at breakfast, and very little trouble for me. They all wash their own dishes.

We all find that it works very well and no one has too much to do.

Of course the organisation of the provisions is done by me, and I take care to see that there is plenty of nourishing food in the larder.

Do readers think this a good idea?

Mrs. E. Fraser, P.O., Maryborough, Qld.

Be loyal to your children

WE all know the mother whose child can do no wrong. What of the one who never supports or praises hers—at least in public?

She is probably so proud of him that she is afraid she will boast, so goes to the other extreme.

Afraid of making him swollen-headed, she gives him a very lively inferiority complex by always understating his successes. She supports his playmates against him in a mistaken effort to be unbiased.

"Remember he's your little visitor, so let him ride your bike" seems rank injustice when the "little visitor" has abused his privilege all the afternoon. The jibing remark of the next-door child is very illuminating. "It's no good telling on me to your mother—she never sides with you!"

Tommy won't grow up respecting the rights of others if he feels he doesn't get justice at home.

El to Mrs. J. S. Waters, 612 Neil St., Ballarat, Vic.

MODERN FATHERS

MODERN fathers should be admired for the way in which they treat their wives and families.

Compared with the fathers of a quarter of a century ago they are friends to their children, not awe-inspiring figures.

Nowadays they think nothing of wheeling the pram or helping with the dishes, and I don't think they lose any dignity.

Mrs. G. A. Rogers, Geelong Ave., off Cavendish Rd., SE3, Vic.

CHARITY PUBLICITY

"I'D rather die than accept charity" has often been said, and, tragically at times, put into practice.

It's not the "charity" that is objected to, but the unnecessary publicity that goes with it.

I have known big-hearted volunteer welfare workers who unfortunately were so small-minded that they discussed with all and sundry the business of the recipient of their charitable efforts.

Mrs. G. Young, 5 Eastern Valley Way, Northbridge, N.S.W.

SCHOOL HOWLERS

AFTER the results of the annual school examinations were published, we were as usual entertained by many howlers.

Is this kind? If these howlers are genuine, then sensitive children must suffer keenly when they know everyone is laughing at their mistakes.

Of course, no unkindness is intended, but to my mind this holding up of the child's work to ridicule is refined cruelty.

Mrs. G. Amey, 806-808 Ann St., Valley, Brisbane.

FAMILIARITY WITH PARENTS

IT is quite common to hear young children calling their parents by their Christian names. At first it may sound funny, but it is not really nice.

Neighbors and friends will say to you on hearing your child call you by your Christian name, "Isn't she cute," or "How funny," but when they leave you they say to each other, "I'd check her of that habit if she were my child."

A. Thornton, 4 John St., Woolahra, N.S.W.

Ought women to cease housework at sixty?

SURELY, Mrs. Stone, you will agree that while women may not actually retire from home-keeping at 60 or 65, they, in most cases, are freer from responsibility at that age.

Their children are grown up and consequently their housework is lighter.

I find that now that my husband is retired he helps me a great deal with many jobs and we both have time to enjoy ourselves.

In fact, I think in this respect women are more fortunate than men, who at first feel the break of giving up their jobs.

Mrs. A. Sanders, Hamilton Rd., Hamilton, Brisbane.

Different jobs

I DON'T think for a minute that women are physically stronger than men, although they have greater endurance.

One must remember that although a man has the benefit of retiring from his job at a definite age, he has had a lifelong work of bread-winning.

He cannot during his years of work afford to relax, except in his set leisure hours, or he would lose his job.

But although our job, running the home, looking after the children, is a continuous one, we can take a rest now and then.

We need not be afraid that if we are ill we shall lose our jobs, and if we are good housekeepers we can often organise to provide a good deal of leisure for ourselves.

Mrs. E. Ferris, Malvern Rd., Armadale, Vic.

A blessing

IT is a blessing that women do not retire from work at a set age.

On all sides we see men who have gone to pieces mentally and physically on retirement, because without work they have lost their interest in and grip on life.

To a woman the home and the care of husband and family are an interest to her as deep as life itself. Most women welcome a holiday, but not retirement.

Miss O. Maher, P.O., Kogarah, N.S.W.

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

For the best letter published each week we award £1 and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

Train boys to take pride in their homes

THERE is a lot of truth in what Constance Child says (1/2/41) regarding the selfishness of men in general.

I am afraid it is mainly due to the home training they received in their youth. Most mothers are inclined to spoil boys, giving their daughters all the odd jobs to do about the house.

If, instead, mothers trained boys with a view to making good husbands of them, there would be fewer unhappy marriages, and mothers would receive help from both sons and daughters alike.

C. M. Fergusson, 7 Sherwood Rd., Surrey Hills, Vic.

Co-operation

AS the mother of three sons I have at times had difficulty in getting the boys to take a pride in their home, but have found ways of solving the problem.

Co-operation is one point. If we want them to do any work in the garden, for instance, we talk it over, allowing them to have their say in what is to be done.

As for housework and washing up, I try to have them feel that the home is theirs as much as ours by allowing them to invite their friends over. On these occasions they act as hosts. They serve supper and afterwards they wash up.

L. R. Couts, Wahroonga, N.S.W.



Does your son leave his room like this?

Could be taught

IT is not altogether possessive pride that makes young married men so home-proud, but the fact that they suddenly awaken to the many duties entailed in making home life livable.

The fact that before marriage most boys do nothing in the garden or house is because most parents fail to acquaint sons with domestic duties, while daughters are very often reared as nothing more than mothers' "helps."

Mrs. Bell, 29 Baronia Ave., Broomfield, N.S.W.

NOW SHE IS FREE FROM

ACID STOMACH

Clear complexion... sparkling eyes... radiant with the joy of living... who would believe that only a little while ago there were days when the mirror revealed ageing lines, a sallow, spotty complexion and tired, pain-drawn features? They were days of constant misery, of stomach pains—days when acid stomach nearly wrecked her health.

But De Witt's Antacid Powder has put an end to all that torture, just as it has done for a host of sufferers. Relief from the very first dose and then the sheer joy of eating all those nice things which you like best, but which hurt most. You don't have to go on taking De Witt's Antacid Powder—for it quickly restores the whole digestive process to a normal healthy state. First it neutralises the excess acid. Then it soothes and protects the inflamed stomach lining. Finally, it actually helps digest your food.

ONE DOSE — INSTANT RELIEF!

Why stay in pain... why let acid stomach lead to chronic dyspepsia? This is the remedy you need—and need NOW.

DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER

Unequalled for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Gastritis and Flatulence. Prices (including Postage Tax) 2/7½. Giant 4/9



End stomach troubles now and eat what you like. Get your sky-blue canister to-day!

large sky-blue canisters.

CORNS LIFT OUT

Roots and All

PAIN Goes

in 3 seconds!



JUST one drop of this new-type anaesthetic liquid is enough to stop the worst corn pain.

Soon after, the corn begins to shrink in its socket—and then works so loose that you can lift it right out with the finger-tips like a loose cork!

Ask your chemist or store for a bottle of Frozol Ice... it's the better-type, safe, antiseptic treatment for corns and calluses, that ends all dangerous cutting, bulky plasters, or messy "eating" salves.

Instant drying. Does not spread out or hurt healthy tissue. Shrivels up and banishes every sort of hard or soft corn or callus, painlessly, roots and all.

Get a 1/7 bottle of Frozol Ice... and walk in comfort

Frozol Ice

GEINTON-WILLIAMS PTY. LTD.



Enemy Sighted

Continued from page 32

THE enemy was slowly turning towards the oncoming Perseus. She was trying to get around to such a bearing that her list wouldn't make her fire over. But she was manoeuvring clumsily. There must have been something wrong with her rudder or her steering control. Her after turret was silent. If the Perseus was suffering casualties, the enemy was also taking a beating, and her armor was no longer sure protection.

The forward turret fired. One shell clipped through the top of the cruiser's smoke stack. The Schroder's bows were pointed straight at the cruiser. She could depress her guns to get on her target now.

The two remaining turrets of the Perseus were steadily pouring out shells. The range was down to three thousand yards, point-blank range for both contestants. From the tops machine guns opened up with a wild chatter.

From high out of the blue the planes came down, one after the other, in a wild dive, their engines mounting and racing. Over the decks of the Schroder they swooped, spraying her exposed personnel with machine gun bullets. The five-point nine was silent after their dive.

An eleven-inch shell made a direct hit on the Perseus, almost underneath the catapult. With its tremendous energy it went right through the ship and out the port side, bursting more than a hundred yards away, and showering the disengaged side with shell fragments.

Turret Four got off a late salvo. It was wild and high, and to the left.

"Turret Four! Get on the target!" Fields shouted into the transmitter. "Turret Four, aye, aye!" came back the answer, promptly but faintly and far away. Fields was yet to realise that he was very deaf from the blasts of the guns.

He had his eyes on Turret Four for the next salvo. He was looking right at it when it happened. There was a blinding flash on the face of the turret. Almost instantly a great sheet of flame leaped skyward. He held his breath and waited for the explosion that would send them all to the bottom.

It didn't come. But Turret Four would answer no longer. Even as he chided them all of the men in that turret chamber had been incinerated, roasted alive by powder charges that the hit had set afire. Fields could remember his prayerful thanksgiving that somehow the fire had been prevented from reaching the magazine.

It was the last distinct remembrance he had for some time. He was only dimly aware of the next terrific explosion and then he was down on the deck of the fire-control tower.

There were jagged splinter holes in the windscreen as he tried to shake the fog from his mind. His spotter lay beside him. The director operator was slumped over his smashed instrument. The others were uninjured but they seemed to have no comprehension of what had happened.

Fields pulled himself painfully erect. His legs seemed to wobble under him. "Turret Two. Local control," he yelled into the transmitter. No answer.

He snatched another telephone from a dazed talker. "Main fire-control out of action. Turret Two shift to local control." No answer.

Not until then did he realise that Turret Two was firing. Firing steadily and rapidly under local control. He glanced at the enemy. Turret Two was getting hits. His leg refused to hold him up any longer. It crumpled under him and he sat down again on the deck. He looked at it in amazement and saw that it was mangled horribly.

Down on the bridge Captain Blair had seen his main battery wiped out turret by turret until only one was firing. Still he kept boring in. Well he knew that it's your own casualties you know most about. You never hear about the enemy's until after it's too late.

He glanced aft just in time to see a torpedo salvo leave the tubes. All through the ship, men cut off from each other by shell fire and casualties, their normal means of communication gone, were taking independent action to fight the ship to the last bitter end. That was where training told.

It wasn't until afterwards that he learned that the torpedo officer, finding that he could no longer communicate with anyone, had left his instruments and charts and made his way to the tubes. There was only one unwounded man in the torpedo crew, but with his assistance he had trained out the tubes, estimated the firing angle and himself had fired the salvo.

Under the circumstances it wasn't surprising that the torpedoes had missed, but it was that kind of spirit that won the battle.

When the ricocheting shot burst high in the air right over the ship it had decimated the bridge crew. Miraculously Captain Blair escaped. There was a slight pause in the firing from Turret Two. When it was resumed again Blair knew from the motion of her guns that she was firing pointer fire. Main fire-control out of action.

He watched the Schroder. He saw two shells together strike her only remaining effective turret. The next salvo seemed to land in the same place. There was a blinding flash. A mighty roar came over the short stretch of water. Before his eyes the pocket battleship disintegrated.

A great pillar of smoke and fire arose three hundred feet in the air. There were huge pieces of wreckage turning over and over in it. Then he could see the stern of the ship standing straight up in the air, the propellers still turning over slowly. She was gone.

There had been no cheers. It was too awesome a sight for cheers. She had been a gallant ship and she

had been well fought. She was gone with all of her crew of valiant men. After the turmoil of the action the silence was oppressive.

"Torpedoes!" someone shouted from the wrecked bridge wing. "Torpedoes on the starboard bow!"

The captain stood impassive. He made no move to save his ship. No cry could rouse him. He was stone deaf. Both his eardrums had been ruptured by the gunfire. Too late his own eyes saw the menacing white torpedo track.

"Right full rudder," he shouted. Even as she commenced her turn, the Perseus was hit. Suddenly the whole forecastle seemed to heave bodily upward. A great column of water geysered high into the air. The ship lurched sickeningly under the mighty shock.

After all the punishment she had taken the gallant Perseus was to receive her deathblow after the action was over. For the first time that day Captain Blair felt sick at heart. It was the irony of fate that in the Schroder at the very instant of her destruction someone now dead

The answer is—

- 1-Perihellon.
- 2-From the outside inwards.
- 3-Lieutenant-General.
- 4-India.
- 5-A shower of small bullets, etc.
- 6-Governor of Victoria; also Acting Governor-General of Australia.
- 7-Brownish-yellow.
- 8-81 millions. (Exact number 8,586,202).
- 9-Foods consisting of flour or meal.
- 10-Coolibah.

Questions on Page 30

had released the torpedo which was to avenge her. "Secure from general quarters," Captain Blair ordered. "Get the men out of the turrets and handling-rooms." It was just thirty-four minutes since the Schroder had fired her first salvo.

Blair was still not ready to give up his ship. Men rushed forward with shores and planking to bolster up the collision bulkhead that kept the Perseus afloat. All that men could do to save her they did. The forecastle kept sinking lower in the water.

The first lieutenant came on the bridge to report in person. It was necessary to communicate with the captain by pad and pencil.

"The bulkhead was weakened by the first shell hit. There are a number of holes in it from splinters. The water is gaining on us. We have not more than three hours." It was a losing battle against the sea.

The Petard came through the pall of smoke still hanging over the sea where the Admiral Schroder

went down. There was very little wreckage left afloat to mark the spot. Howe found only two dazed survivors of that terrible explosion to rescue from the water. Then he manoeuvred the submarine solicitously near the stricken cruiser, anxiously aware that he was unable to offer her any assistance. When the end came the Petard would be too small to take aboard all the survivors.

In the circumstances it was a heartening sight to the weary men on the cruiser to see the ugly bow of the Momus Maru come poking around the edge of the thinning smoke screen.

Johnson had had his orders to go to Colombo. When he heard the gunfire he had chosen to disobey them. A tanker wouldn't be much good in a naval action, he knew, but there might be some service to perform. All his instincts were to close on the point of contact. Colombo could wait. It was a fortunate decision.

As the sun sank lower in the west there was nothing to do but abandon the sinking ship. She was doomed. To delay until after dark would only mean unnecessary loss of life. Lives that Captain Blair now realised were bound more closely to him by the experiences of that hard-fought action.

"Send a signal to the Momus to send boats," he directed. "All hands stand by to abandon ship."

Fields was among the first to go, among the other wounded. When he arrived aboard the Momus they took him directly below. He made no protest. He had no wish to watch the Perseus make that final plunge to the bottom of the sea, freighted with the bodies of so many of his shipmates. It was most fitting, he knew, that they should man her through the long peaceful years to eternity. But they had been close to him, and he loved the ship too well to watch her go.

When Captain Blair sent his signal to send boats, Howe broke out his little wherry and stood by close aboard the sinking ship. Most of the survivors, he knew, would be transferred to the Momus, where there would be facilities for their care, but he wanted to be prepared for any emergency.

The last of the boats shoved off. The Perseus was sinking very rapidly, going down by the head. The forecastle was nearly awash. Quite unexpectedly a figure appeared on her bridge. It was Captain Blair. Howe shouted for his boat to go alongside the cruiser and take him off.

Very deliberately Captain Blair walked down the ladder from his bridge for the last time. Somewhere, somehow, sometimes he had found the opportunity to dress for the occasion. He was meticulously attired in the full dress uniform of a captain, the gold lace of his epaulettes gleaming in the setting sun, his cocked hat set at a jaunty angle, his sword dangling from his side.

As though there was nothing more urgent on his mind than a formal call on some visiting admiral, he made his way to a point abreast the waiting boat, buttoning his white gloves as he came. His last salute to the side was unceremonious. It was only a short drop into the boat now. Somehow the captain managed the scramble into the tossing little boat without the slightest loss of dignity.

Howe, watching the little tableau, decided he must rise to the occasion. "Four side boys," he ordered, as he scrambled off the bridge.

There was a moment of confusion. Side boys hadn't been seen on board that submarine since King Neptune had been welcomed aboard in ancient farcical ceremony. But out of the group of men collected topside four side boys were pushed forward and took their traditional places at the sea ladder as the boat approached. They lacked only the boatswain's pipe.

Never had a captain been welcomed by a more motley group of side boys. A seaman had borrowed a hat two sizes too big for him and it drooped about his ears. A stillborn wrench protruded from the hip pocket of an engineer. In a sweaty undershirt and greasy trousers Howe waited at the head of the lane they formed to greet the red-headed old fighter.

Never had more heartfelt honors been rendered to a captain. As Howe watched the shivers precede one another up the naked spine of a torpedoman, he realised that his men were just as proud as he was that Captain Blair was one of them in a service to which they had all devoted their lives.

"With your permission, sir," said Captain Blair as he stepped over the side of the Petard, saluting the colors.

A thousand times afterwards Howe thought of something fitting to reply. Now he could only mutter, "Aye, aye, sir," inanely.

Together the two commanding officers climbed to the bridge. Together they watched the end of a gallant ship. She had been abandoned none too soon. In the fading twilight she suddenly lurched forward, standing almost straight up on her bows. With a muffled roar the boilers broke loose from their foundations, and crashed through the forward bulkhead. She went down with a rush.

For a brief instant her colors alone were visible, fluttering from the staff. She was gone.

Captain Blair stood at rigid salute to his colors. In the gathering darkness Howe was sure that he was the only one to observe that there was moisture in the old man's eyes as he watched her go. Howe brushed the salt spray from his own eyes. Strange where it came from on such a calm evening.

(Copyright)

JAVANESE TEETH

FILED AS RELIGIOUS CEREMONY

THE JAVANESE FILE THEIR TEETH TO FOLLOW THE EXAMPLE OF THE PROPHET (Mahammed), WHOSE TEETH ARE SAID TO HAVE BEEN SHAPED AND FILED FROM THE TIME OF HIS BIRTH.

DO YOU KNOW?

KING CHARLES OF SPAIN

FEARED DEMONS WOULD ENTER HIS MOUTH

KING CHARLES II OF SPAIN HAD HIS CONFESSOR AND TWO PRIORS SIT BESIDE HIS BED WHILE HE SLEPT, FOR FEAR THE DEMONS WOULD ENTER HIS OPEN MOUTH WHILE HE SLEPT AND GIVE HIM DISEASE. TO-DAY WE KNOW THAT DENTAL DECAY IS CAUSED THROUGH BACTERIAL MOUTH. KOLYNOS KILLS DECAY GERMS, PREVENTS "BACTERIAL MOUTH" AND LEAVES TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN.

ANCIENT GREEKS BELIEVED THAT WOOD STRUCK BY LIGHTNING WAS AN EXCELLENT CHARM AGAINST TOOTHACHE

DO NOT PUT BEARS TEETH IN YOUR MOUTH TO MAKE THEM FEARLESS OF BEARS

KOLYNOS

IS GREEK WORD MEANING "DISEASE PREVENTER"

BUBBLES RIGHT UP BETWEEN YOUR TEETH, CLEANS AWAY FOOD DEPOSITS THAT START DENTAL DECAY AND BACTERIAL MOUTH. KOLYNOS LEAVES EVERY TOOTH SURGICALLY CLEAN - SPARKLING WITH NEW LUSTRE. Remember too - KOLYNOS IS MORE ECONOMICAL. IT LASTS THREE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTE. HALF INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS PLenty.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

1/3 AND 2/3

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

The zodiacal sign Pisces comes into power now, and all people born between February 19 and March 21 should respond to its radiations.

PISCES are dual-natured. One side of their nature they present to the world; the other half is known only to themselves.

Sometimes they reserve this secret self to live in a dream world, and build castles in the air which seem more solid than everyday realities.

When especially happy, worried, shy, or grief-stricken, they are apt to disappear mentally into this dream world, and in this way develop a great degree of inner strength and satisfaction or consolation. However, this is apt to run them into trouble with their associates who prefer action to dreaming.

Many Pisceans also get inspiration from this "inner self," and frequently turn it to good account in the realms of music, art, literature, poetry, designing, charity work, and religious devotion.

The important thing for them to learn, however, is that "dreaming" is of little value, and that they must not divide themselves into two entities if they would do their best work.

They must overcome diffidence, changeability, and restlessness, and develop strength of purpose and faith in themselves.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Unpredictable for most Arians now. February 20 and March 1 slightly helpful. Routine concentration advised.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Many Taurians can look for small opportunities and benefits. February 21, 22, and 23 (to 8 p.m.), favor mild action. Hard work and wisdom then will probably pay fair dividends.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Changes, impulse, impatience, thoughtfulness, and talking or saying the wrong thing can get you into trouble. Life is restless and unsteady, especially on February 23, 24, and 25.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Most Cancerians should find life interesting and desirable at this time. Plans should be made for new enterprises, changes, journeys, or renewals. Ask favors and seek promotion. Be active and watch for chances on February 26, 27, and 28 (until 9:30 a.m.), February 29 and 23 (early, only).

LEO (July 23 to August 23): A slight improvement in your affairs now. The best course is to continue to take things easy. February 28 and March 1 just fair.

VIRGO (August 23 to September 23): Don't take risks of any kind just now. Be especially on guard against losses, partings, disappointments, opposition, and enforced changes and upheavals. Don't be too critical or fearful, and try not to worry needlessly. Caution needed on February 26, 27, and 28 (early).

LIBRA (September 23 to October 23): Consolidate past gains; avoid over-confidence and unwise changes. February 21 (after noon), 24, and 25 just mildly helpful.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Many Scorpions will now begin to feel the tide of fortune turn their way. February 26, 27, and 28 (until 9:30 a.m.) can produce opportunities and general gains and pleasure. Seek for them then, but avoid segregation, over-optimism, and rashness. Start new ventures and make changes but not of a spectacular nature.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Wise Sagittarians will attend strictly to routine affairs and mind their own business around this time. The stars are unpropitious, especially on February 26, 27, and 28 (very early).

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 23): Quite a desirable time for many, especially if the good radiations of February 22 and 23 (to 2 p.m.) are utilized unselfishly and wisely. Seek modest good fortune and advancements then, and make contemplated but unpropitious changes.

AQUARIUS (January 23 to February 23): Routine tasks and stabilization of past gains are now advised. Benefits come because of past wisdom, enterprise, and hard work. February 21 (after noon), 24, and 28 should be just fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Don't be diffident, changeable, or inaction. Perseverance and patience can soon get you clearly. Plan wisely and constructively and be in readiness to go after the things you want. If opportunities don't present themselves, hunt for them. Make the most of February 26, 27, and 28 (until 9:30 a.m.).

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



MANDRAKE: Master magician, is in Central Africa and has left behind
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, while he enters the den of
BESA: The Wambesi sorcerer. He is anxious to rescue
LIBIE CARR: Who has been kidnapped by Besa, and whose fiancé,

TOD BROWNELL: Is at Fort Radi. Mandrake enters Besa's den, and takes Libie's place behind a curtain as Besa tells his tribe that he will change her into a fox. After having tricked Besa, Mandrake hypnotises him into believing he is being chased by a huge fox, whereupon the sorcerer flees in terror. Mandrake rescues Libie, but Besa threatens revenge. NOW READ ON.



WHERE'S TOD? I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HIM!

I LEFT LOTHAR AT THE WAMBESI VILLAGE. WE'LL PICK HIM UP AND THEN FIND TOD.



NOT A SOUND! THIS MORNING, IT WAS A BUSY VILLAGE. NOW—DESERTED! WHY?



BUT THE VILLAGE IS NOT QUITE DESERTED...



THE MAGICIAN GESTURES—

MANDRAKE! BEHIND YOU!



AND AN AMAZING THING SEEMS TO HAPPEN! INSTEAD OF AN ARROW, THE ARCHER, HIMSELF, IS SHOT FROM HIS OWN BOW!



WHY WERE YOU TRYING TO KILL ME?

BESA MADE ME STAY—I DIDN'T WANT TO—



WHY IS THE VILLAGE DESERTED?

BESA MAKES WAR AMONG WAMBESI! TRIBE DIVIDED! EVEN NOW, SOME GO TO PRINCE LOTHAR AND ASK HIM TO LEAD THEM AGAINST EVIL BESA!



TOD!

LIBIE, DARLING!



MANDRAKE, HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU FOR GETTING LIBIE OUT OF BESA'S HANDS? NOW—WE CAN RELAX.

I'M AFRAID NOT, TOD. BESA'S STARTED TROUBLE AMONG THE WAMBESI.



AT THAT MOMENT, A GROUP OF WAMBESI PLEAD WITH LOTHAR TO LEAD THEM AGAINST BESA, WHO HAS DIVIDED THE TRIBE!

YOU MUST LEAD US AGAINST BESA.



WELL, GOTTA ASK SOMEBODY FIRST—I MEAN, GOTTA FIGURE STUFF OUT, FIRST.

YOU ARE THE SON OF OUR OLD KING.



WAMBESI FELLAS WANT ME LEAD THEM AGAINST BESA. SHOULD ME?

IT'S YOUR TRIBE, LOTHAR. YOU'RE SON OF THE OLD KING. IT'S UP TO YOU, ENTIRELY.



ME WILL.

PRINCE LOTHAR!



I THINK I'D BETTER ISSUE RIFLES TO LOTHAR'S MEN, BECAUSE IF BESA WINS—

NO RIFLES, TOD. THEY'LL DO ENOUGH DAMAGE WITH THEIR OWN WEAPONS.



BESIDES, THIS IS A WAMBESI AFFAIR. PURELY A FAMILY ARGUMENT. LET'S KEEP OUT OF IT.

TO BE CONTINUED

ARE YOU APPROACHING

Middle Age?



THEN YOU NEED
THIS LONDON
DOCTOR'S
FAMOUS PRE-
SCRIPTION

With the approach of middle age the body undergoes many changes. Kidney troubles make their appearance, aches and pains seem to come from nowhere. It is this is happening in your case don't just say "I am getting old" and let it go at that. DO something about it and you'll find that there are many years of happy, youthful life ahead of you. Most successful remedy for weak, aching back, joint and limb pains, Rheumatic infection, Kidney Troubles and similar "middle age" complaints is undoubtedly Harrison's Pills. This famous London Doctor's prescription succeeds often where all other remedies have failed. Sold under an iron-clad money-back guarantee of relief from the first bottle of purchase price refunded. Obtainable everywhere 2/-, 3/-, 6/-, 12/-, or direct from Amalgamated Labs. Victoria House, Pitt St., Sydney.

HARRISON'S PILLS
Remove "the Cause!"

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, loose or ragged—if his nose is warm, or if he is listless, loses appetite and is always scratching—start him now on a course of BARKO Condition Powder—a sure way of keeping him fit. BARKO purifies the blood and tones up the whole system.

BARKO
CONDITION POWDER
1/4 ALL CHEMISTS

"A Smart girl
like you should
use MODERN
methods!"



NO BELTS
NO PADS
NO PINS

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DODIE looked at Mary in horrified surprise. She had not seen her cousin for months, and she realised at once that Mary needed more than sympathy and a bunch of flowers.

"Your old Scots martinet telephoned to say you weren't well. Very rude she was, too, about Mummy neglecting the only serious member of the family. Heavens, when you didn't answer, I had the shock of a lifetime." She looked at her cousin critically. "You look like sudden death to me, angel. Mummy's away, so get into some clothes and come down to the Firefly. You need looking after, my pet."

She had gone round the room, collecting clothes and pushing them into a suitcase.

Mary had submitted to being packed with her shabby goods and chattels into the back of a luxurious chauffeur-driven car, and whisked away through suburbs, along winding river-banks until at long last, on a remote reach of river, they had come to the Firefly, the great white houseboat, with its turquoise-blue and orange sun-blinds, its twin gangways reaching across the gleaming water to an acre of shaven green lawns and flower-beds, of trailing willows and wide, shady oak trees. It was quiet and cool and lovely.

Dodie had handed Mary over to her maid and had gone to rest and dress before her party. There was, it seemed, some sort of party almost every night of Dodie's life. Mary had bathed and submitted to a skilful massage which seemed gently to push the tiredness out of her weary body.

She was put to bed and, at seven-thirty, a bed-tray had been brought to her with cold jellied soup, a wing of chicken, a crisp salad, and a glass of ice-cold wine.

Mary ate eagerly; already she was beginning to feel better. She heard gay, light feminine voices and deep masculine ones, as the cars began to draw into the garden across the water, and Dodie's guests began to arrive. Then some time later, she heard their voices as they went

across the gangway to the bank. They were all going somewhere to dance, she knew. She heard Dodie's laughing voice just outside her window.

"Compliments from you, Doctor Anstruther? Surely this can't be our stern and disapproving medico?"

Then a man's voice, deep with a persuasive power behind it, just then a trifle impatient. "Not in the least disapproving, Dodie! Envious of your gaiety. And drop the 'Doctor' Anstruther. It brings back the smell of ether into this fairyland of yours."

Lying in the darkness, Mary had been curiously impressed by the voice and sympathetic with his desire for escape.

She woke the following morning and realised there was no need for her to get up if she did not wish to; that she had only to stretch her hand to the bellpush under the little bedside-table and a smiling, kindly, middle-aged maid who had been Dodie's Nanny would appear.

She breakfasted in bed and then put on her freshly-ironed green linen and went out on deck, where presently Dodie followed her.

"Heavens, but you look a little perkier than you did last night," she said, smiling. "Almost perkier enough to take a small dose of enjoyment."

"What do you recommend, doctor?" smiled Mary.

"A wave, a manicure, a facial, and some new clothes," said Dodie swiftly. "I'll tell Parks to bring the car round."

In the car on the way to town, Mary said interestingly:

"I heard you talking last night. There was another doctor on board?"

Dodie glanced at her and smiled.

"So the deep, persuasive voice has already intrigued your ears? That's Guy Anstruther."

"Not Guy Anstruther, the children's specialist?"

"Yes. D'you know him?"

Mary shook her head. "Only of him. We've sent many cases to Green's. He's the honorary cases of the children's section there. He's a wonderful man."

"And outrageously handsome," said Dodie flippantly. "But for heaven's sake don't talk to him about hospitals, or doctors, or sick people, or let him know you are a doctor. He hates to talk about his profession. When he's away from it, he likes to play."

"I'll remember," said Mary. "But it's unlikely that he'll ever notice me."

"You wait until I've finished with you," said Dodie.

SHE was as good as her word. That day they bought Mary clothes that made her gasp, frocks for day and evening wear, a swim suit—various hats and shoes and accessories. Then, in a tiny, dove-grey shop she had her hair subtly coaxed into soft deep waves and curls, and her nails shaped and varnished.

This, thought Mary, was the life. There were two things of which she was conscious: of not being worried—that was curiously half a relief, half a loss—and of wanting to hear that deep voice of Guy Anstruther's again.

It so happened that she met him that evening. It was before dinner. She sat in a lounge-chair dressed in pelusia chiffon. Her shoes were blue, and Dodie had fastened two blue flowers in her glistening light brown hair.

She sat alone and dreamy, and was not aware of him until the deep voice said, surprisedly, "Hallo! You're new, aren't you?"

She glanced up, dark eyes in white flower-face, and answered, "I'm Dodie's cousin, Mary Hathay. How do you do?"

He took her hand, "I'm Guy Anstruther."

Dodie was right. He was handsome in a lean, drawn, thoroughbred way, tanned, tall and muscular, with dark eyes and unexpectedly fair hair. He had fine sensitive hands that even in repose seemed curiously vital and alive. His eyes were watchful and kind. He said, "You're tired, aren't you? At least you were. You mustn't overdo things."

She wanted to tell him why she was tired, to talk about Doctor Sarah and the clinic, but Dodie's voice seemed to say, "When he's away from it all he likes to play."

One Path to Tread

Continued from page 8

So she said, quietly, "I expect I've been playing too hard."

He smiled. "It's odd," he said, "how the people who do too little and the people who do too much are the ones that get tired. You wouldn't think to look at Dodie that it was a nervous breakdown that introduced us? But it was."

"She looks fine now."

Guy grinned. "She's in love. That occupies her time and mind. But let's talk about you. Are you coming with us to-night?"

"I hope so."

"And will you dance with me?"

Again her swift, shy glance and almost inaudible "I hope so."

That was the beginning of a magic month for Mary. She allowed herself to forget that she was a doctor, that her small hands were skilful in ministering to the sick and maimed, that her keen mind was packed with knowledge that was useful and helpful.

They dined, the four of them, at a riverside restaurant, and afterwards danced a little—but not too much, for Mary was still tired—and afterwards Guy drove her back to the Firefly. And he came again. Nearly every evening about eight o'clock she heard his fast car draw up across the water, and heard his firm step cross the gangway.

THERE was so much between her and Guy—and yet so little. From him, the deep, gay, affectionate friendliness; for her, and she uttered it frankly to herself, the utter surrender of her heart. She was well now. Her thinness had filled to slender, small-boned beauty, her eyes below their shadowy lashes were clear, her whiteness was tanned to golden-brown. She was clinging to each desperate moment of her playtime, hoping that Guy would one day say, "I love you."

She only wanted to be what he desired her to be. She would have liked to talk with him about his life and work, but it was obvious he did not want that. The one or two feelers she had thrown out in that direction had met with an abrupt dead end. He wanted, evidently, a gay, sweet companion who could talk of the lovely things in life, who could dance, and look pleasant, who could sit in restful quiet.

She was thinking this one afternoon, dressed in cool pink linen, lounging on deck. And then the telephone bell rang, and the maid said, "For you, Miss Hathay." The harsh Scots voice at the other end of the wire brought her back to reality.

"Is that you, Mary?"

"Yes, Dr. Sarah."

"Are ye fit again, lassie?"

She could not lie. "Yes."

The voice was silent, then said: "Ye're thinking of leaving me? Is it not so?"

She said quietly, honestly: "Yes, I was, Dr. Sarah."

"All right." Silence again. Then: "The temporary assistant has passed out on me. I'm no feeling so good

myself. If you'd come back for a week, I'd be obliged."

What could she do? "Of course I will, Dr. Sarah."

"Darling," she told Dodie, "I don't know what I'm going to do in the future, but I've got to go back to that old Sarah for a week. She's without help, and she's not well."

"You're a fool," said Dodie. "Guy Anstruther's in love with you. Don't give him time to rally his defences. Men do, you know."

Mary's heart fluttered like a trapped bird. She said:

"Tell him that I had to go back to town. I'll be back next Saturday—for the river-party."

She changed into a tailor-made suit and put on one of her new hats and caught a train to town. Dr. Sarah's lips went down and her eyebrows up as this new, chic Mary walked into her office.

"Aye, well," she said, with grim approval, "there's no need to look a sight, even if you are a woman doctor."

The white coat was on again over the smart skirt and blouse. There was the hot smell from the stables over the road, the fresh but sticky smell of disinfectant.

Dr. Sarah had a feverish cold, but it would take more than that to put her to bed. By her side, Mary worked and, as she worked, her health renewed, her eyes grew clear and steady, so she found herself again.

It was no use. She was a doctor, first and foremost, she would be a doctor, wherever her heart might lead. She loved Guy Anstruther, but if he wanted her he must know the truth, that whether here in this clinic or elsewhere, perhaps somewhere by his side, as long as her hands and brain could serve, they would serve.

It was mid-afternoon when Mary arrived back the following Saturday at the Firefly's little riverside station. Guy, tall and bronzed, came to meet her. His eyes lit with an unmistakable light when he caught sight of her trim figure, and her heart beat in answer.

He took her parcels and put them in the back of his car.

"Where have you been all the week? I thought you'd vanished as suddenly as you appeared." He glanced at her. "I hope you haven't been rushing around too much, knocking yourself up again."

"Doing nothing," she asked wryly.

"Doing nothing," he repeated strangely, and she had a momentary fear. What was it Dodie had said about defences?

The whole party had arrived when they reached the Firefly, and the punts were moored to the garden bank.

Mary hurried aboard, changed, and hurriedly collected her swimsuit and some towels.

The punts swung upstream, leaving trails of ripples that crossed and inter-crossed over the glistening green water. Guy poled strongly, pulling away from the others, for this party was to be a collection of tete-a-tetes, each punt going off on its own, and meeting at night for a camp-fire picnic.

Please turn to page 38



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A BOOK TO READ



"DEPARTURE FROM DUNKIRK," a section of the drawing by E. C. Turner, which forms the wrapper of "Return via Dunkirk."

Soldier tells of the epic of Dunkirk

"D'you know they've been praying for us in England . . . Prayers for our safety in every church and cathedral in the land?"

"Prayers for our safety?" I echoed incredulously. "We're not in any danger. Or are we?"

He did not reply, and we stared at one another.

THUS the captain, who had been listening to the wireless, broke the news to "Gun Buster's" Battery—destined to be the last artillery unit of the B.E.F. to leave Dunkirk.

In "Return via Dunkirk" "Gun Buster," an artillery captain, tells the story of the retreat.

You travel with his battery over the one hundred and fifty miles, zigzagging across the flat, bomb-blasted country.

"We will be blowing up our guns at ten-thirty to-night," says the Major on the battery's last day in France.

"Four p.m.—Y Battery breaks into life again. . . Ever since daybreak some battery or other has been sending its shells crashing into the enemy masses that are being so stubbornly held on the line in front by our infantry.

"Six p.m. . . Another quiet spell of the guns. And another sign that our time is now drawing near.

"Nine-thirty p.m. . . Getting dark now. . . Preparations for our final exit move another step forward. . . All ammunition considered surplus to the requirements of the next hour is to be destroyed.

"Ten-fifteen p.m. It has all become very silent. . . Like the lull before a great event. The sudden hush gets on our nerves. Ominous. Surely nothing is going to happen to stop us now.

"The Major looks at his watch. 'Time now,' he says curtly. 'Prepare the guns for demolition.'

"It is all carried out very quietly and calmly. The bitterest humiliation that can befall a battery in war is about to befall Y Battery.

"We count the explosions. . . One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven.

"Each is like a heart stab. Each explosion might be a volley fired over the grave of a departed friend."

The unit plinks its way through remnants of other regiments, wounded and dead soldiers, and the wreckage of bombing and fires on to Dunkirk beach.

"From the margin of the sea, at fairly wide intervals, three long thin black lines protruded into the water, conveying the effect of low wooden breakwaters.

"These were lines of men, standing in pairs behind one another far out into the water, waiting in queues till boats arrived to transport them, a score or so at a time. . .

"The queues stood there, fixed and almost as regular as if ruled. No bunching, no pushing. . . Much more orderly even than a waiting theatre queue. . .

"Down on the beach you immediately felt yourself surrounded by a deadly evil atmosphere. . . The darkness, which hid some of the sights of horror from our eyes, created the impression that death was hovering around, very near at hand.

"There was still another dread haunting us. . . Should we be able to get off the beach before dawn discovered us, and those waves of German bombers that we had watched the previous day diving over Dunkirk had us for a target?"

Understatement

"AN officer voiced all their thoughts in a magnificent understatement:

"I'm not too comfortable in my mind about things," he muttered."

Most of the men in the unit had salvaged valuable equipment from the guns. But exhausted from standing waist and neck deep in water they had to drop their precious burdens.

"Do you know," one of them said in an almost heartbroken tone. "I think I shall have to part with Theo the Dolittle after all."

"I found nothing comic in his grief, I understood what he was suffering. He had developed a fond affection for the battery's theodolite, a very valuable instrument.

"Our only thoughts now were to get on a boat. Along the entire queue not a word was spoken.

"During all this time the German shells continued to rain upon the town. Stray hot splinters flew round our heads, hissing as they fell into the water.

"Suddenly out of the blackness, rather ghostly, was a white shape which materialised into a ship's lifeboat, towed by a motor boat. . . Two powerful hands reached over the gunwale and fastened themselves into my armpits.

"I gazed beyond the stern of the vessel, back to that dreadful strip of shore from which I had been snatched to safety. . . One long line of flame on the horizon, suffusing the dark sky, with its dull red, angry glare. Tortured, martyred Dunkirk."

"Return via Dunkirk." By Gun Buster (Hodder and Stoughton). Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

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writes: "I was almost dead with Asthma. Had lost 40 lbs. in weight, suffered coughing, choking and strangling every night—couldn't sleep—expected to die. Mendaco stopped spasms first night and I have had no Asthma since in over 2 years." Mrs. A. W. writes: "I had Asthma for 25 years. After using Mendaco I can sleep all night and have not had an attack since taking it." Mrs. G. E. C. writes: "I bless the day I first heard of Mendaco. What a god-send it is to a poor woman like me who for 35 years never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. The constant fight between Asthma and sleep was wearing me down, but I feel now I want to forget my past suffering."

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A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note: "Nocturne" in "Smith's" recently brought me between £3 and £4.

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"For my last story, 'The Darling of Hubert Town,' I received £6/18/6."
"In one week I had pitched matter in only two papers ('Smith's' and 'The Bulletin') to the amount of £7/15/- which, I think, is rather satisfactory."

"I have had three articles accepted by JLO and broadcast by the A.B.C."
"The Bulletin" headlined my story, "Justice." I received £4/18/6 for it."

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THERE was a race to get to the creek, an idyllic little backwater, but Guy and Mary were there first, and turned off from the main stream with triumphant shouts, leaving the others to toil farther upstream for seclusion and privacy.

The creek wound through meadowland, deep in yellow buttercups, overhung by willows. In its shallows small fish darted over the grey stones. They moored the boat in the shade of a willow-tree and lay, not speaking, content with the drowsy beauty of the summer day.

The day sped swiftly. They had tea from a daintily packed basket, they talked carelessly of lovely things and places, and it seemed hardly an hour before the sun was slipping down the western sky, drawing a grey veil behind it to obscure the blue.

There was a glitter of stars, awakening like small bright eyes, and a silver moon came up from behind the far-away hills.

Mary sat up, and stretched wide yearning arms to the beauty of the sky, as though she would clasp it and hold it for ever. It was so beautiful, and it was their last day together. All through that golden afternoon she had felt the deep attraction between them like a magnet, and yet Guy had not spoken.

He sat beside her, his fine, precise hands automatically repacking the tea-basket. He looked up at her as she moved, a strange expression on his face, and suddenly took her into his arms.

But she knew, even as he kissed her, that these were not kisses of discovery and fulfilment, but of farewell.

Presently he let her go. Her small, nervous hands went to her hair, her eyes met his, hurt by the longing and the denial in them.

"This is good-bye, Guy?" she asked gently.

"Yes." He was silent; then: "Try not to hate me too much. I didn't mean even to kiss you. But we live in different worlds, Mary."

So someone had told him—told him she was not just a gay and lovely person, like Dodie, to light his leisure, but a woman who worked, a woman dedicated, just as he was dedicated, a woman in whom he could find no escape from the things he worked amongst.

Well, she could understand. It was wearying and saddening enough.

Perhaps he was right not to want his wife in it, too. She would have given her life to cry out:

"I'll give it up. I'll never think of it again. I'll be like Dodie and these other girls, elegant, charming, made only for the pleasure of the men they marry."

But the words would not come.

As she worked during the next month, Mary could see quite plainly all the arguments against herself; for Guy was not only an honorary at the big city hospital, but he also had a large Harley Street practice. He would want a very smart and clever wife to entertain for him.

Mary worked like an automaton at the clinic. She knew she had not the patience and the sympathy she used to have. She wanted to shake sense into the people instead of listening to their tales of woe.

She did not spend her Saturdays stewing over a medical book, but on having her hair set or her nails manicured. She clung with a sort of pathetic determination to the appearance of the girl Guy had loved.

Once, when she went out with one of the young men she had met at Dodie's, and he helped her from a taxi at the door of a restaurant and turned to pay the driver, she came face to face with Guy. He looked thinner and older. He stood for a moment, looking at her colorful prettiness, a flower-a-top her shining hair, then raised his hat abruptly and was lost in the crowd. Mary was very gay that night.

Then there came the case of Billy Buttons. His name was really Billy Martin, but his nose was so small and upturned in his sparrow-bright face that from the first time he came to the clinic he had been called "Billy Buttons."

His mother was a timid, nervous little woman. Billy was her third child. She had lost the other two, so perhaps Dr. Sarah and Mary spoiled Billy a little.

Mrs. Martin brought him in late, just as Mary was seeing the last patient out. Billy hadn't been well for a day or so—earache. Perhaps Doctor would give her something to drop in it.

Mary looked at the small snub-nosed face, with its strangely flushed cheeks and dangerously bright eyes. He leaned against his mother and whimpered a little when he was spoken to.

"Has he been going to school?"
"Oh, yes. I've been working, you see. He's all right except for a bit of earache. Looks well enough, don't he? Nice color."

"Ye-es," said Mary cautiously.
Billy had a high temperature, if she knew anything. He ought not to be out, and it was evident that he was in great pain.

IT was his mother who was the difficulty. She had a morbid fear of hospitals. She had only allowed the other two children out of her care when it was too late for a hospital or doctor to do anything for them.

Mary's small, gentle hands sought for and found the tell-tale swelling and tenderness behind the ears. Billy flinched and howled as her hands found it. "Can't seem to bear his head touched," said his mother.

"Just a minute," said Mary. "I'd like Dr. Sarah to have a look at him."

She went into the inner sanctum, but Dr. Sarah had gone. She had an important lecture, one of her rare and well-earned evenings of glory, and she had left early to get into one of her formidable evening gowns.

Mary sat down, thinking hard. She didn't think Dr. Sarah could have persuaded Mrs. Martin to send Billy to hospital, but she might have frightened her into it; and Dr. Sarah had gone.

Billy showed every symptom of double mastoid, and the sooner he was in hospital under expert care and observation, the better. Another twenty-four hours and it might be too late to save him.

Mary rose to her feet and went out into the waiting-room again.

"Dr. Sarah's gone, Mrs. Martin, but I really think we ought to get Billy into a hospital to-night."

Mrs. Martin's mouth opened, and her arms closed round Billy in panic.
"Oh, no, Doctor. I couldn't. I've lost two. I can take care of him, really. I'll nurse him. His dad can watch him during the day."

One Path to Tread

Continued from page 36

Mary set her lips. She said bluntly, cruel to be kind, "Mrs. Martin, I hate to say it, but perhaps something might have been done for both the others if you'd allowed them to go to hospital earlier. You haven't the conveniences to nurse such a case as this at home."

Mrs. Martin answered stubbornly, "My Billy's not going to hospital," and burst into noisy tears.

Billy, catching the panic from her trembling form, began to wail, holding his little head between grubby paws.

Mary was at her wits' end. Then in a flash she had an idea. Perhaps Guy would help her, if she could only reach him.

She went and telephoned Harley Street, and was told he was at the hospital.

She said to Mrs. Martin, "We'll go round to Green's, and let one of the doctors see him. He needn't go in unless you wish. They can't do anything without your permission, you know."

Mrs. Martin, reassured, permitted herself to be persuaded into a taxi.

MARY sent her name up by the porter, saying it was urgent, and in a moment Guy, surprised, white-coated, was down in the hall.

"Mary, what are you doing here? And what's all this nonsense about Dr. Mary Hathay on your card?"

She said, in a small, surprised voice, "I thought Dodie had told you. I thought that was why—but listen, I want you to help me with this case."

In a few minutes she had explained to him, and with a quick glance that went straight to her heart he turned to Mrs. Martin. He coaxed and scolded and reassured her in that deep, warm, wonderful voice of his, and before Mrs. Martin knew what was happening the weary, pain-racked little Billy was tucked into a warm, white bed, a skilful sister watching him, and a notice over his head to say he was a patient of Dr. Guy Anstruther.

Guy would operate the following afternoon. "You brought him in time," he told Mary. "To-morrow evening it would have been touch and go."

He drove Mrs. Martin home in his big car, and then at last he and Mary were alone. He pulled up near a vacant, shabby building-lot near Benders Row, and caught her hand. "Mary, I've been thinking you were like Dodie, one of her crowd. Will you marry me, darling? We've got all our lives to explain in."

"Dodie told me that you hated to talk about your work, that your one idea was to get away from it. And, you see, I can't entirely give mine up. Dr. Sarah said—and it is true—that there's only one path to tread. You have to tread it with someone who understands—or go alone."

"I know," he said slowly. "I know. I thought you might never understand. I thought I, too, would have to go alone."

"I shouldn't make a very good wife for a smart society doctor. Perhaps, in the evenings, I wouldn't want to dress up and play. It takes energy, energy that you need to serve."

"Hush!" He put his arm round her, his lips gently on her own. "What Dodie said was true. I did hate to talk about it to Dodie and her crowd. They couldn't understand. They knew nothing of real suffering, the suffering that you and I have seen, sweetheart, and understand. It was because I thought that you belonged to them, in spite of your beauty, and your gentleness, that I said good-bye."

A policeman flashed a suspicious light on them, and Guy started up the car, driving aimlessly.

"You'll find it a full-time job being my wife," he said ruefully. "And you'll help me with the children—won't you, Mary?"

"Yes," she said slowly, heart full, eyes brimming with this unexpected fulfilment. "Until we have children of our own. And afterwards, perhaps we'll serve the other children even better, Guy, and their parents, too, with more understanding."

The streets were wet with a fine warm rain, and the moon was rising as it had risen on that midsummer night on the river. But beauty was here in the London streets, a beauty of high endeavor.

From the silver disc a glimmering path shone straight before them, a path of understanding and of happiness.

(Copyright)



Unwanted
hair
banished
by
Magic
Wax

The fastidious woman's way of keeping face and limbs free of disfiguring hair-growth.

MAGIC WAX DEPILATORY. A superior wax treatment for the quick, easy removal of superfluous hair. Discourages renewed growth and causes no irritation. Complete set ready for instant use, includes wax, applicator, and jar of Pasteurised Face Cream. 14/-.

PASTEURISED FACE CREAM, should become your daily habit. Soothing to disturbed young skins. Healing for chapped lips and windburn. Cleanses and stimulates the pores to normal activity. Ideal for the "one-cream girl". 3/5.

SKIN TONING LOTION SPECIAL. For dry skins. Refreshes, tones the tissues, closes the pores and produces a satiny finish. Cannot dry the skin. An emollient lotion which aids in preventing and erasing lines. Ideal quick "cleansing milk". 5/-.

My booklet "BEAUTY FOR YOU" will be sent free, on application.

Helena Rubinstein

London Toronto New York

82 Castlereagh Street Sydney

And at all the smarter stores and chemists throughout Australia.

The Homemaker

February 22, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

39

LULLABY LOVELINESS

By JANETTE

● Sleep is the most important—and quite the cheapest—item in all your beauty care. So here I am going to tell you how to make up for sleep you lose after you've had a few late nights and how, with care and cunning, you can camouflage bad effects.



A TINY smear of grey-blue eye-shadow applied as shown here over the upper eyelids and along the lower lashes will hide any redness.

IT'S hardly necessary for me to tell you all the horrid consequences of lost sleep—tired-looking, red-rimmed eyes, lack-lustre hair, pale face, hollows under your eyes, wrinkles, aching feet.

You can't do without sleep any more than you can do without food.

For an adult eight hours is usually advisable, although it is possible to do with six or seven hours out of the twenty-four. But if you get less than this during the night, make up for it at odd times.

If you work at home make time for a nap in the afternoon; if you're out at work the only way is to snatch extra sleep at week-ends, or (if you can get away from the office early) in the late afternoon. It doesn't much matter when you make up for your lost sleep so long as it's not more than a week late.

Perhaps you find that when you do go to bed you can't sleep? Then find the reason. Is it restlessness? You'll often find a sedative drink such as warm milk last thing at night makes you feel sleepy.

Now let me tell you about pick-me-ups and camouflage for a tired face and body. You come home dead tired after a hard day. So the quicker you get undressed and into a warm, comforting bath the better, especially if the bath is generously showered with soothing bath salts.

Soak in this refreshing warmth for a minute or two only, then jump out and scrub yourself dry with a rough clean towel.

Now tip a little eau-de-Cologne into the palm of each hand and rub every inch of your body till it glows and tingles.

If you're having your bath on the way to bed, slip into a dressing-gown and have a warm drink to make you sleepy.

If you're having the bath before going out somewhere, then dress quickly and mix yourself an egg-nog pick-me-up to put you right on top of the world. Try one egg whipped into warm milk and zipped

up with half a wineglass of sherry, just warm milk and sherry, or a glass of orange juice with an egg beaten into it.

Here are some everyday beauty tips that will help to camouflage a tired face. Hot tired eyes need an eyebath morning and evening.

Eye lotion is best for them, but alternate baths of hot and cold water will do till you have time to buy the lotion.

When you've time for a rest, wring out a hanky in eye lotion or astringent and press it against your eyes. These soothing pads take away the prickly hot feeling under the lids.

Try eye-shadow

TAKE a tiny smear of grey-blue eye-shadow (even if you've never used it before!) and mist it with your finger-tip over the upper lids and along the lower lashes to hide any redness. Then brush the lashes with a cream mascara to make them long and silky.

If your hair is tired and dull (and hair usually reflects whatever you are feeling), then give it a massage every night with a good tonic, and treat it to brightening shampoos.

Next there's your pale tired face to deal with. Most of all it needs the circulation revived so that the color can flood back to your cheeks.

Massage with a good cream at night or just before your bath will help.

Work in gentle, firm circles across the forehead lines and the smiling lines beside your mouth. Remove

the cream and slap your face with cold water or astringent.

Whenever you can snatch a few hours' sleep, smooth out the forehead frown with your finger and thumb and press on a piece of adhesive tape.

You need to choose your make-up extra carefully for a pale face. It's so easy to make it look artificial when your skin is tired.

The best trick is a rose-colored foundation spread evenly all over your face to give it a healthy pink glow, then a delicate film of peach (creamy-pink) powder above.

When you're looking tired always choose the soft rose tones in rouge and lipstick as well as powder. Keep well away from powders with yellow and orange in their color make-up.

Finally there's the question of backache and bad posture, two things which go together and which always make you look tired and strained.

Watch yourself all the time to make sure that you walk, stand and sit correctly, and don't, however tired you feel, let yourself slump for one second.

Stand with your tummy tucked in, chest up, head up, and don't bend in the middle.

Walk as though you were tied to the sky with a rubber band, straight as a die, with a spring and a swing in your step, swinging each leg from the hip and not from the knees.

Sit so that your back is straight and your seat tucked well into the angle of the chair.



TRY to catch up on lost sleep by snatching a nap whenever you can during the day or over the week-end.

IF YOU HAVE difficulty in dropping off to sleep at night, take a sedative drink just before you slip under the clothes. Warm milk, malted milk, cocoa and similar beverages are all good.

No Job for Nancy but a big Job for Mum



Why risk underarm odour—when Mum every day so surely guards your charm?

SHE TRIES SO HARD—goes everywhere—but somehow for Nancy it's a brief "no opening now!" For business is business. And it never helps to have a girl around who neglects to use Mum!

Constant personal daintiness is a business asset . . . as much in demand as cheerfulness, ability, and speed. Why does any girl risk it? Why don't all girls play safe with Mum—every single day?

For it's a gamble to depend on

a bath alone to keep you fresh and sweet. A bath merely removes perspiration that is past . . . but Mum prevents odour—keeps you fresh and sweet for the hours to come.

QUICK! A daily pat under this arm, under that, and through the longest working day you know you're fresh.

HARMLESS! Use Mum after dressing fabrics are safe. Mum is harmless to any dress. Safe for skin, too.

LASTING! Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps underarms sweet. Get Mum to-day. Be wise in business . . . be sure of charm! Make a habit of Mum every day. Get Mum at all chemists and stores. Prices 9d., 1/6 and 2/6.

WHY MUM IS FIRST CHOICE WITH BUSINESS GIRLS

I KEEP MUM IN MY DESK, TOO. I USE IT ANY TIME BECAUSE IT'S SAFE FOR SKIN AND CLOTHING.

TO MYSELF: "AND NOTHING BEATS MUM FOR LASTING CHARM. JUST A DAB KEEPS ME FRESH ALL EVENING!"

Another Use for Mum
Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're all ways safe, free from worry.

MUM
TAKES ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



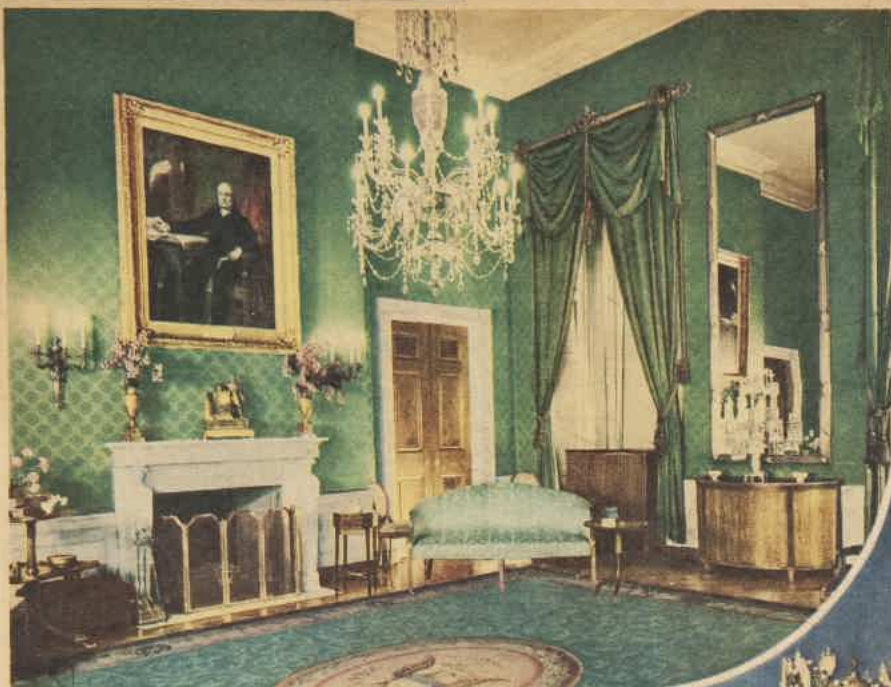
LIKE THE **FRAGRANCE** OF THE BUSH
ON A SPRING MORNING !

Just a clean fresh tang! No trace of antiseptic smell! Protex is a *safe* antiseptic soap that gives your skin the subtle fragrance of absolute *cleanness*. Protex contains an antiseptic that is very **MUCH MORE EFFECTIVE THAN CARBOLIC**. That is why it is such a safeguard against germs and skin infections. Smell Protex itself and you will realise how very pleasant it is to use.

Listen in to "Ask the Army" every Monday night at 9.15 on 2GB, 2CA, 2HR, 2GZ, 2NZ, 2LM, 2WL, 4BH, 6PR, 6TZ, 7BU, 7HO, 7QT, 7LA, 7DY, 3HA, 3SH, 3TR, at 9.30 on 3AW and at 8.45 on 5DN, 5RM.

4^D

DID YOU PROTEX YOURSELF THIS MORNING?



HERE are pictures of some of the most important rooms in the world — the State rooms of the White House, Washington.

Rich in historic associations, to-day they have assumed new importance as fresh links are being forged between Britain and America.

It is here, at the White House, that many issues affecting not only America, but the whole future of democracy, are brought into being by President Roosevelt.

The rooms shown on this page include the Green room, at the top left, used for informal receptions, the Blue room, generally rated the most beautiful in the White House and where routine Presidential receptions are held, and the State dining-room, second biggest room in the White House.

Another famous room is the President's study, which is oval-shaped like his office in the

ABOVE: The Green room for informal receptions. Furnishings are mostly early American. The Audubon rug is adorned with the U.S. coat of arms. Portrait is of John Quincy Adams, a former President.

RIGHT: The Blue room, considered the most beautiful in the White House. Its walls with white enamelled wainscoting are covered with corded blue silk rep. Furniture is white and gold. Here are usually held the routine Presidential receptions.



THE STATE DINING-ROOM, second biggest room in the White House, can accommodate 107 people at a horseshoe table (not shown). The table shown seats twenty-six.

Executive Wing and which is on the second floor over the Blue room.

It is furnished with a dark red plain carpet, and has plain floor-length green drapes at the windows. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who likes to stretch out on a couch in this room and dictate to his secretary at a bridge table, has decorated the study with ship prints and models and a lion skin from Haile Selassie's brother.

It was in this room in 1801 that the first White House New Year reception was held, and here Abraham Lincoln read a chapter of the Bible to his family every morning before breakfast.

The Great Hall in the White House, known as the East room, is 87½ feet long by 45 feet wide. The

floor here is polished parquet, crimson hangings drape the great windows, and enormous portraits of former Presidents adorn the walls. The private dining-room for family meals adjoins the State dining-room. It is square and relatively small, and is furnished in mahogany Chippendale with red rugs and velvet draperies.

Another, the Red room, once known as the Washington room, has damask-covered walls and furnishings. Formerly used as a reception-room for State dinners, it now serves the same function for smaller affairs.

King George and Queen Elizabeth stayed at the White House during their visit to the States before the war.

THE WHITE HOUSE

● Some glimpses of the interior of the great home, the White House, in Washington, U.S.A., where the President of America, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and his wife, Eleanor, live.

By Clipper from our New York office



ENGLISH FIELD FLOWERS



The joy of Sanderson Indecolor Fabrics begins when you go to choose them. Each one is lovelier than the last—and the range of exquisite floral patterns is almost never ending. And when you bring them into your home, you bring with them a breath of the beauty of the English countryside, you make your chairs and settees,

cushions and curtains bright with colour that cannot fade. Sunshine and washing (even in the largest doses!) cannot dim them. The fabric illustrated is No. S7492: an example of the new lustrous finish washable chintz called 'Sanderlin'. The flower motifs are in pink, blue and mauve on a cream ground. 31 inches wide.

SANDERSON FABRICS

Very severe tests over many years show that these furnishing fabrics printed with the unique Indecolor dyes by the special Sanderson process will stand up to any amount of the strongest sunlight as well as constant washing—in spite of their highly complicated and delicate colour harmonies. They are sold by good furnishing stores everywhere. MADE IN ENGLAND BY SANDERSON FABRICS. Trade enquiries invited to: R. H. Wilson (Pty.) Ltd. 40 York St., Sydney. 202 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

How to set Poème

newest style for shoulder-length hair



Pin tight, flat curls as shown. When they come and roll into place, then, so that your set will hold, be sure to brush with a touch of a good brillianine — Atkinson's Brillianine.

Ordinary brillianine is greasy, gummy. It takes a high gloss brillianine like Atkinson's, made from fine light oils to give you bright, burnished hair. Use a little every day.



ATKINSON'S Brilliantine CALIFORNIAN POPPY English Lavender White Rose-Circassian 1/4 (including tax)

B.7.32

MAKING PERFUMES ... from your garden



● With the wartime shortage of perfumes many skilled gardeners are turning their hands to the making of simple flower scents at home.

Some convert their fragrant petals into potpourri or perfume, or even crystallise them, making delightful confections for cake and sweet decorations.

But did you know that way back in the Victorian era, when women followed the advice of Mrs. Beaton and other expert cooks, rose-petals were converted into jam and other delicacies?

—Asks Our Home Gardener.

THIS is not gardening, I know, but you have to be a gardener before you can make rose-petal jam, or rose and fruit salad, syrup of roses, otto or attar of roses, and rose-water.

I must first of all presume that the art of conserving roses is forgotten by most people, or, if not forgotten, overlooked.

Nevertheless, it is very easy to make rose-petal jam.

Only red roses are suitable for the purpose, and they must be taken from fragrant varieties or they will probably be tasteless.

Etoile de Hollande, Hadley, Red Radiance, Crimson Glory, Better

Times, Daily Mail Scented, and General MacArthur are some of the best red roses to use.

The recipe comes to us from a famous seventeenth century savant and epicure, Dr. Glisson.

Gently boil 1 lb. of red rose petals, after cutting off the white ends, in 1½ to 2 pints of water, in a covered saucepan.

When the color has been extracted and the petals are tender, strain off the liquor, pressing the leaves to get every drop, and set it on the stove to boil.

Dissolve into it 4 lb. of sugar, adding this in four separate lots of 1 lb. each, and continue boiling until a thick syrup is obtained.

Now add the cooked rose petals, remove from the stove, work the

petals thoroughly into the syrup, allow to cool, and then place the jam in pots.

A tablespoonful of lemon juice makes the jam a trifle more tasty. Housewives should bear in mind that rose petals are astringent in taste, and that is why the jam, to be palatable, must be made very sweet indeed.

And this is the recipe for rose and fruit salad.

Cut four bananas into thin slices and place at the bottom of a dish; take about half a pound of stoneless dates, chop them into small pieces, and place them over the bananas.

Cover the dates with a thick layer of rose-petal jam and pour over the juice of two oranges. A thick layer of clotted cream on top makes a dish fit for a queen.

A few crystallised rose petals or violets may be put on top as decorations.

Syrup of roses comes next on the list and can be made by soaking 2oz. of rose petals in boiling water for two hours.

The liquor is then strained off and twice its weight in sugar is dissolved in it by placing it over gentle heat. This syrup gives a fine red color to acid drinks, but, unfortunately, it will not keep for very long.

Perfume-making

WHEN rose petals are distilled with water, the perfume passes over with the steam. Part dissolves in the condensed water to form rose-water, while part separates in the form of a semi-solid. This semi-solid material is otto or attar of roses.

Both otto of roses and rose-water are useful in the kitchen, say Dr. Glisson's memoirs, but the otto is rather too concentrated to be easily handled, and is best broken down with alcohol.

One drop of the otto will give a quart of junket or custard a lovely flavor of roses.

The rose-water may be used in various sweets, and a few drops in coffee provide that Eastern touch, the secret of the Turk and the Egyptian, who like their coffee very sweet and perfumed.

You need a Customs permit to use a still of over a certain capacity, but here is a recipe for making perfume without a still.

Gather flower petals before noon and spread out on a tray for fifteen minutes to dry out all moisture.

Cut cotton-wool into eight or ten rounds to fit a wide-mouthed jar and saturate them thoroughly with some best lucca oil. Sprinkle a little salt in the bottom of the jar, and scatter on this a layer of flower petals. Cover with a round of oil-soaked cotton-wool. Now sprinkle in more salt, add another layer of petals and a round of cotton wool. Continue until jar is full and press down so that all is packed fairly closely.

Cork the jar tightly so that all air is excluded, or use parchment or greaseproof paper tied tightly over the opening.

Stand the jar in the sun for ten days to a fortnight—the stronger the sunshine the better.

Then remove cork from jar and drain away the oil, which will now be highly perfumed, through a piece of fine clean muslin fastened across the mouth of the jar. Before doing this press the cotton wool well with a spoon to force all the oil out.



Roses, such as this young gardener is gathering, can be used for making jam, syrup of roses, rose-water, and perfumes.

Winter brings fun and romances,
The season of parties and dances.

Remember this time

Wear something sublime—

Kayser Hose, the collector of glances!

Definitely I'M A
ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW!

The lift of the Waltz
... the throb of the
Rhumba ... the spot-
light on your stockings!
That's when you thrill
to the witchery of
your glamorous Kayser
Super Sheers! Extrava-
gantly luxurious? No,
no! Bewilderingly
thrifty, for the exclu-
sive Kayser Mir-O-Kal
High Twist means
extra wear with
every pair!



I INSIST ON

KAYSER
MIR-O-KAL HOSIERY—MADE IN AUSTRALIA

102 X
Kayser's Twyn-
Sile Service
Sheer Economy
Stocking—Only
4/11
Other Lovely
Kayser Stockings
4/11 to 9/11

THE IMPERIAL IMPS PRESENT

Hampé
(Pronounced HAMP-Y)

The new
Meal in a moment



There's a big thrill in store for you the first time you try Hampé—Imperial's delicious new meal in a moment. Never had a canned food such flavor and appetite appeal! Try Hampé salad, Hampé n eggs and toasted Hampéwiches. Just the thing for meals in a hurry, for picnics and for satisfying the unexpected guest. In 8-oz. and 12-oz. cans at all grocers.

Better than ham—and costs less.

DELICIOUS ... DIFFERENT
READY TO SERVE

HAMPÉ
(Pronounced HAMP-Y)

THE NEW IMPERIAL COMBINATION
OF MILD CURED HAM & PRIME VEAL



For the nursery . . .

NEEDLEWORK
:: NOTIONS ::

BREAKFAST SET IN LINORA

HERE is a new idea for nursery use—a cloth and matching feeders traced for working in a fascinating caterpillar and bird design.

The material is linora in shades of cream, green, blue, pink and yellow, and the nursery set is obtainable from our Needlework Department.

Sizes and prices are:

Cloth, 36 x 36 inches, 2/11. Plus 3d. postage.

Feeders, 1/- each, or two for 1/3. Plus 1d. postage.

Complete set, 1 cloth and 2 feeders, 4/11. Plus 3d. postage.

The cloth is traced with a caterpillar, leaf, and bird design and should be worked in bright colors, in stem-stitch, satin-stitch, blanket-stitch and fly-stitch.

The matching feeders are traced with the bird motif. The edges of cloth and feeders are left plain and should be turned under to make a quarter-inch hem which should be finished with feather-stitching.

Approximately 10 skeins of Anchor stranded cottons are required for working the set. These are obtainable for 21d. a skein.

Romper suit for baby

THIS romper suit would be ideal for the coming autumn days.

It is obtainable from our Needlework Department and is traced for making up and working in winceyette in shades of blue, salmon, green, pink, lemon, and cream.

The suit has long sleeves, a little Peter Pan collar and smocked yoke. The front should be fastened with tiny pearl buttons. Legs are gathered into elastic and sleeves finished with little wristbands.

The only working to be done is the smocking, the edge of the collar, and the front fastening.

Sizes and prices are:

Six to 12 months and 1 to 2 years, 3/6. Plus 3d. postage.

Paper pattern for those wanting to make up the design in their own material is 1/- . Smocking transfer, 1/3.



ROMPER SUIT in winceyette, traced for making up and working.



SOMETHING NEW in nursery tablewear—a cloth and matching feeders traced for working on colored linora.

Apron for the small girl

THIS apron for the little girl proved so popular when it was published a few weeks ago in The Australian Women's Weekly that we are publishing details again.

The apron is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for making up and working on organdie in green, blue, yellow, or white. Edges are lace-trimmed and floral motifs appear on pocket, bib, and at hem.

Sizes 4 to 6 years and 6 to 8 years, price 1/9.



THIS DRESS for the small girl is traced for making up and working on colored linora.

FOR PARTY OR PLAY WEAR

THIS dainty frock for the little girl can be obtained from our Needlework Department.

It is traced for making up and working on linora in shades of cream, pink, blue, green and yellow.

The style features a neat Peter Pan collar and sleeves both finished with three rows of stitching. The floral motif appears at the top of the small pouch pockets.

Sizes and prices are:

Two to four years, 3/3.

Four to six years, 3/11. Plus 3d. postage.

The stitches to be used in working the design are running-stitch, if done by hand, and for the floral motif satin-stitching or stem-stitching.



ORGANDIE APRON for the little girl, lace-trimmed and traced for working.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS!

Adelaide: Box 288A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 183, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4088W, G.P.O. If calling, 178 Castle-rough St., or Dulton House, 115 Pitt St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O. Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

FEEL DEAD TIRED WHEN IT'S TIME TO JUMP UP?



Do you wake in the mornings feeling as if you'd had no sleep?

Do your limbs feel stiff and heavy as you crawl out of bed?

Sleep ought to refresh you. Why doesn't it?

You are probably constipated.

Your habits may be "regular"; but you can still be constipated.

Being "regular" every day is not enough—no poisons must remain in the system. If they do your blood is unclean, and how can you be fresh and well?

For this condition there is a simple, honest prescription which doctors have recommended for years—Kruschen Salts. It has outlasted many fashions, and made many food fads look foolish. For Kruschen Salts are basically and unalterably right. The label on the bottle tells you, and tells doctors, that Kruschen Salts are a simple combination of natural salts. And doctors, knowing that there is nothing better than these Salts for constipation, have told their patients so.

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH OF

KRUSCHEN

Take Kruschen in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a sixpence, every morning. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

K.14-1848

PAIN you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for
Girls who Suffer
Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, headache and sick feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.

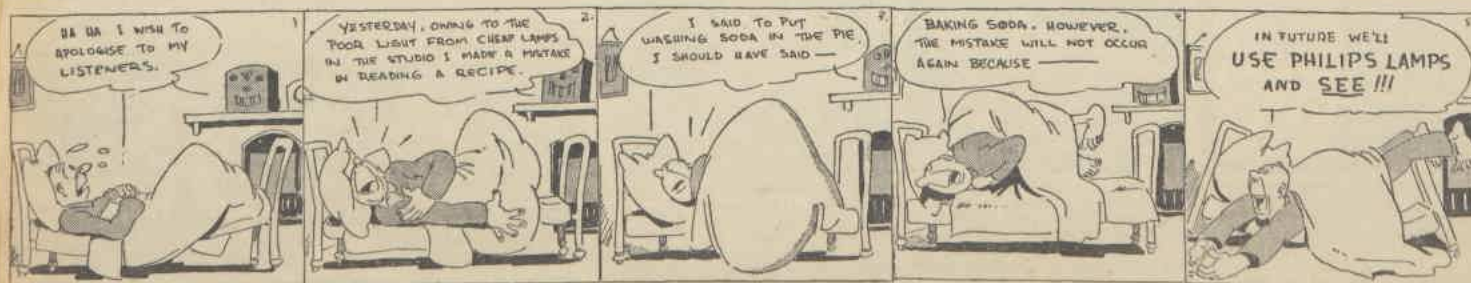
Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples."

Miss M.P.

★ The secret is Myzone's amazing Aetevin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.



BE A MODERN Cinderella



NO ordinary vanishing cream, cold cream, beauty pack or foundation can possibly work such wonders with such speed as does Kathleen Court's "Facial Youth" because it is the only face cream made with costly Vitaeol. Almost before you know it this wonder-working rejuvenating element which is exclusive to Kathleen Court, transforms dull, yellow skin, making it satiny soft and smooth, entirely free from blackheads and blemishes. And because "Facial Youth" contains absolutely no oil or grease it cannot clog the pores as ordinary creams do. "Facial Youth" is also recognized as being the finest and most flattering powder base you can use. From all chemists and stores: 1/2, 1/8, and jars 2/8. Or if you have any difficulty write Kathleen Court herself, Victoria House, Pitt Street, Sydney.

KATHLEEN COURT'S
'Facial Youth'
Beautifying CREAM

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

Countless WOMEN are indebted to Paul Van Schuyler for his discovery of

"VANIX"

by the use of which superfluous hairs can be permanently destroyed. "VANIX," which is simple and pleasant to use and harmless to the skin, is now available to the women of Australia. Price 5/6 (posted 6/1) from Hulton Pty., Ltd., 210 George St., Sydney, and all its branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Pitt St., Melbourne; The Miret Supermarket, Bourke St., Melbourne; C. A. Edwards, 250 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Birks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.

WHY A FOOD RELIEVES CONSTIPATION



2. THIS DIAGRAM shows how food is digested and absorbed into the system. The food not absorbed passes into the large intestine to be expelled by muscular action. If this residue is not bulky enough, the muscles can't get rid of it—you get constipated.



3. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, a nut-sweet breakfast food, gives the bowels the "bulk" they need—brings about a normal, natural movement. Kellogg's All-Bran works in the same way as fruit and vegetables but more surely, more thoroughly.



4. LIFE'S GRAND AGAIN. "Constipation was always my enemy, but after baby arrived it got so bad I used to feel washed out. Then a friend told me about Kellogg's All-Bran. I started eating it for breakfast—and within a week I was regular."

1. IN CONSULTING ROOMS all over the country men and women, in despair because they have tried their doctors for a way to end constipation in the lack of "bulk" in our every-day diet. "That's why," says your doctor, "it takes a food to bring natural, normal regularity."

The Inspiration of Mr. Budd

Continued from page 13

that was what Sherlock Holmes would do.

But as Mr. Budd returned with a little trayful of requirements, it was borne in upon him that he was not of the stuff of which great man-hunters are made.

What was he to do next? To cut his throat then and there would be murder, even if Mr. Budd could possibly have brought himself to do such a thing. They could not remain there, fixed in one position, till the boy came to do out the shop in the morning.

Perhaps a policeman would notice the light on and the door unfastened and come in? Then he would say, "I congratulate you, Mr. Budd, on having captured a very dangerous criminal." But supposing the policeman didn't happen to notice—and Mr. Budd would have to stand all the time, and he would get exhausted and his attention would relax, and then—

It was at this moment that the great inspiration came to Mr. Budd. As he fetched a bottle from the glass-fronted case he remembered, with odd vividness, an old-fashioned wooden paper-knife that had belonged to his mother.

A strange freedom and confidence were vouchsafed to Mr. Budd; his mind was alert; he removed the razors with an easy, natural movement, and made nonchalant conversation as he skillfully applied the dark brown tint.

The streets were less crowded when Mr. Budd let his customer out. He watched the tall figure cross Grosvenor Place and climb on to a Route 24 bus.

"But that was only his artfulness," said Mr. Budd, as he put on his hat and coat and extinguished the lights carefully. "He'll take another at Victoria, like as not, and be making tracks from Charing Cross or Waterloo."

He closed the shop door, shook it, as was his wont, to make sure that the lock had caught properly, and in his turn made his way, by means of a Route 24, to the top of Whitehall.

The policeman was a little condescending at first when Mr. Budd demanded to see "somebody very high up," but finding the little barber insist so earnestly that he had news of the Manchester murder, and that there wasn't any time to lose, he consented to pass him through.

Mr. Budd was interviewed first by an important-looking inspector in uniform, who listened very politely to his story.

The inspector touched a bell, and said, "Perkins, I think Sir Andrew

would like to see this gentleman at once," and he was taken to another room, where sat a very shrewd, genial gentleman in mufli, who heard him with even greater attention, and called in another inspector to listen too, and to take down a very exact description of—yes, surely the undoubted William Strickland as he now appeared.

"But there's one thing more," said Mr. Budd—"and I'm sure to goodness," he added, "I hope, sir, it is the right man, because if it isn't it'll be the ruin of me—"

He crushed his soft hat into an agitated ball as he leant across the table, breathlessly uttering the story of his great professional betrayal.

"Doo — dz-dz-dz — dzoo — dz — dzoo — dzoo — dz —"

The fingers of the wireless operator on the packet Miranda bound for Ostend moved swiftly as they jotted down the messages of the buzzing wireless mosquito-swarms.

One of them made him laugh.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, February 19.—Mr. Edwards, The Australian Women's Weekly Home Gardener — Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, February 20.—June Marsden — Astrology Playlet for Children.

FRIDAY, February 21.—Patricia Morison — Highlights from Opera.

SATURDAY, February 22.—Harmony Hotshots.

SUNDAY, February 23.—June Marsden — Astrology for the Business Folk — Gardening by the Stars. Special: War: What Does America's Horoscope Indicate?

MONDAY, February 24.—"With the A.I.F. Overseas"—Patricia Morison.

TUESDAY, February 25.—June Marsden — Astrology for Women.

"The Old Man'd better have this, I suppose," he said.

The Old Man scratched his head when he read and rang a little bell for the steward. The steward ran down to the little round office where the purser was counting out his money and checking it before he locked it away for the night.

On receiving the Old Man's message, the purser put the money quickly into the safe, picked up the passenger list and departed aft. There was a short consultation, and the bell was rung again—this time to summon the head steward.

"Tee — z-z — tee — z-z — tee — tee — z-z — tee —"

All down the Channel, all over the North Sea, up to the Mersey Docks, out into the Atlantic soared the busy mosquito-swarms. In ship after ship the wireless operator sent his message to the captain, the captain sent for the purser, the purser sent for the head steward, and the head steward called his staff.

Huge liners, little packets, destroyers, sumptuous private yachts—every floating thing that carried aerials—every port in England and the Continent, every police centre that could interpret the mosquito message, heard, between laughter and excitement, the tale of Mr. Budd's betrayal. Two Boy Scouts at Croydon, practising their Morse code with a home-made valve set, decoded it laboriously into an exercise book.

"Gee whizz," said Jim to George. "What a joke! D'you think they'll get the beggar?"

The Miranda docked at Ostend at

(Copyright)

7 a.m. A man burst hurriedly into the cabin where the wireless operator was just taking off his headphones. "Here!" he cried; "this is to go. There's something up and the Old Man's sent over for the police. The Consul's coming on board."

The wireless operator groaned and switched on his valves.

"Tee — z-z — tee —" a message to the English police.

"Man on board answering to description. Ticket booked name of Watson. Has locked himself in cabin and refuses to come out. Insists on having hairdressers sent out to him. Have communicated Ostend police. Await instructions."

The Old Man with sharp words and authoritative gestures cleared a way through the excited little knot of people gathered about First Class Cabin No. 36. Several passengers had got wind of "something up." Magnificently he herded them away to the gangway with their bags and suitcases. Terribly he commanded them to hold their tongues.

Four or five sailors stood watchfully at his side. In the restored silence, the passenger in No. 36 could be heard pacing up and down the narrow cabin, moving things, clattering, splashing water.

Presently came steps overhead. Somebody arrived, with a message. The Old Man nodded. Three Belgian policemen came tip-toeing down the companion. The Old Man glanced at the official paper held out to him and nodded again.

"Ready?"

"Yes."

The Old Man knocked at the door of No. 36.

"Who is it?" cried a harsh, sharp voice.

"The barber is here, sir, that you sent for."

"Ah!" There was relief in the tone. "Send him in alone, if you please. I—I have had an accident."

"Yes, sir."

At the sound of the bolt being cautiously withdrawn, the Old Man stepped forward. The door opened a chink, and was slammed to again, but the Old Man's boot was firmly wedged against the jamb. The policeman surged forward and seized upon their quarry. There was a cry and a shot which smashed harmlessly through the window of the first-class saloon, and the passenger was brought out.

"Strike me pink!" shrieked the boy, "strike me pink if he ain't gone green in the night!"

Green!

Not for nothing had Mr. Budd studied the intricate mutual reactions of chemical dyes. In the pride of his knowledge he had set a mark on his man, to mark him out from all the billions of this over-populated world. Was there a port in all Christendom where a murderer might slip away, with a green moustache, green eyebrows, and that thick head of hair, vivid, flaring, mid-summer green?

Mr. Budd got his £500. The "Evening Messenger" published the full story of his great betrayal. He trembled, fearing this sinister fame. Surely no one would ever come to him again.

On the next morning an enormous blue limousine rolled up to his door, to the immense admiration of Wilton Street. A lady, magnificent in musquash and diamonds, swept into the saloon.

"You are Mr. Budd, aren't you?" she cried. "The great Mr. Budd? Isn't it too wonderful? And now, dear Mr. Budd, you must do me a favor. You must dye my hair green, at once. Now, I want to be able to say I'm the very first to be done by you. I'm the Duchess of Winchester, and that awful Melchester woman is chasing me down the street—the cat!"

If you want it done, I can give you the number of Mr. Budd's parlors in Bond Street. But I understand it is a terribly expensive process.



If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, write B. G. Turnley & Son, 206 Flinders Street, Melbourne.

TO BLONDES WHO SHAMPOO THEIR OWN HAIR

Try
Sta-blond
next time you
wash your hair—
see the difference

You will be amazed at the results. If your fair hair has gone brownish—mousy—Sta-blond will make it 1 to 4 shades lighter at once. It will bring back that lovely "lightest" colour and with it will come back lost charm, fascination and beauty. Sta-blond prevents natural fair hair from darkening. You need never sacrifice that outstanding personality which belongs to the blonde. Always keep your hair sparkling and lustrous with Sta-blond.

No injurious dyes or bleaches in Sta-blond. It acts safely—naturally. And its precious Violet sustains roots and prevents dandruff. Get Sta-blond to-day—each packet enough for 2 shampoos.

ENGLISH PRODUCT

STA-BLOND
THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

Germolene TO THE RESCUE

After 12 Months
**SKIN
SUFFERING**

Here is still another case of Germolene skin healing magic! Twelve months suffering wiped away! "I think of the irritation—the uncleanliness—the mental anguish. But now my skin is HEALED! Let every skin sufferer read and rejoice at this letter.

For 12 months I suffered with pimples and a rash and tried several preparations without success. I saw an advertisement for Germolene. I tried it and after using part of the contents I was surprised at the miraculous result. I recommended it to several girl friends at my employ and they agree with me in writing this testimonial."

Miss M. H.

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Quickest Healer
of
ULCERS
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PIMPLES
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SKIN OINTMENT

**ENDS THAT
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IT'S QUICK
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**SOOTHES
AT A TOUCH
HEALS IN
RECORD TIME**

From all Chemists and Stores. Prices 1/7 & 3/3.
Agents: — RANOLD F. RITCHIE (Aust.) (Pty.) LTD.,
339/354 William Street, Melbourne.

The Doctor Tells You What to do

**IMMUNISATION
against
WHOOPIING COUGH**

PATIENT: Doctor, is there any way in which I can immunise my child against whooping cough? I have heard that whooping cough may be a very serious matter for young children, and I would like to do what I can to protect baby against attack.

Doctor: During recent years advances in medical science have made possible the production of a vaccine designed for use in the prevention of whooping cough.

This vaccine has been welcomed by medical practitioners and public alike, who realise its value.

While the vaccine is not as efficient against whooping cough as immunisation is against diphtheria, it is well worth while, because the damage caused by whooping cough among children is quite serious.

During the five years ended December, 1938, a total of 1185 deaths in the Australian Commonwealth were attributed to this disease—an average of 237 a year.

Of all deaths due to whooping cough, a large proportion occur during the first year of life.

For young children (under four) whooping cough is now a more serious menace than diphtheria.

There are remote as well as immediate dangers from whooping cough. The disease is often followed by troubles of a more permanent nature, affecting the sinuses, lungs, or heart; the ultimate effect of which cannot be predicted.

It is now possible to immunise against the disease by a series of injections of a specially prepared vaccine. Usually four of these injections are given at intervals of one week.

Immunising a child either protects it completely or renders the disease much more mild than is usual.

But during an epidemic one may hasten the process by giving the injections more frequently.

Immunisation is more effective if time be allowed for it to develop.

A vaccine stimulates immunity by building it up in the child's body. A serum, on the other hand, confers immunity immediately because it is taken from an animal or a human being which has contracted the disease or has had its immunity specially produced by injections.

It is best, therefore, to immunise every healthy child at the age of six months.

The most suitable time to have the immunisation done is between six months and one year of age. It is not advisable to use this vaccine in the case of children under six months.

The immunity lasts for five years, which tides the child over the danger period. It may last much longer than this, but five years is the longest period that children have been under observation after



ONE OF THE BEST METHODS of guarding against whooping cough in young children is to build up their resistance with protective foods such as milk, which this little girl is drinking, and fresh fruit and vegetables.

being immunised by this new method.

Whooping cough, however, is one of the few infectious diseases which occur in the newborn, and the need for protection of babies-in-arms is obvious.

Temporary protection

FOR these very young children doctors have recently developed a method of conferring a temporary protection, using human serum obtained from persons who have recently recovered from whooping cough.

This serum is only effective in preventing whooping cough for a few weeks after injection, and so the time of administration is all-important.

This difficulty is offset, however, by the fact that, in the case of infants, by far the most common source of infection is their older brothers and sisters who bring the infection into the house.

Thus the fact that the babe has been exposed to infection is known and the protective serum can be administered to the babe as soon as the older brother or sister's infection is recognised.

Human serum may be used also for older children, and, if given at the correct time, may prevent or mitigate an impending attack.

Its disadvantage, however, is that the immunity it confers is purely temporary and there is seldom any means of knowing just when older children have been exposed to infection.

Your SKIN KEPT



Matt
as a peach . .

How wonderful to have a peach-bloom complexion — delicately smooth, softly radiant. Yet how easy. Thanks to Creme Simon M.A.T.—the new different foundation cream, which actually becomes part of your skin and so prevents grease and shine from forming. Gives you—all day and every day — a matt-as-a-peach complexion.

CREME SIMON M.A.T.

(MATT-ACTIVE-TONIC)

Small tube, 1/6. Small jar, 3/6.
Large tube, 3/6. Large jar, 5/6.

CREME SIMON PRODUCTS ARE UNIVERSALLY FAMOUS

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A more bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 12¢.



**"It's so thorough, I now use
Bon Ami for everything!"**

You'll be surprised to see how fast Bon Ami does your everyday cleaning chores... how thorough it is on even the dirtiest jobs. And you'll be thankful to find it gives you the additional advantage of safety. For Bon Ami contains no harsh, gritty ingredients. It doesn't scratch or dull surfaces. Instead, Bon Ami leaves your stove, kitchen sink, baths and other fixtures with a glistening polish—makes them easier to keep clean.

Bon Ami
the better cleanser
for baths and sinks

"hasn't scratched yet!"



Valuable Book on Baby Care

● Page upon page of expert advice and instruction for expectant and nursing mothers. Tells about mother's own diet, about the care and feeding of baby, about bottle and supplementary feeding. Gives weight charts for baby, with hints on weaning, teething, baby ailments, etc. To secure your copy, write Colman-Keen (A/asia) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2503 MM, Sydney, N.S.W., and enclose 2d. stamp.

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ROBINSON'S
Patent BARLEY

SAY GOODBYE TO GREYNESS OR GOODBYE TO YOUTH

INECTO RAPID will quickly recolor your hair — make you look and feel ten years younger. INECTO RAPID cannot be detected and will not rub nor wash off because it colours the hair FROM THE INSIDE. 18 shades to choose from that never fade and are absolutely permanent. Consult your hairdresser or buy from your chemist. Full instructions with each package.

INECTO
Rapid
HAIR COLOURING

ECONOMY FRUIT CAKE

wins first prize

● Selected as the best recipe for the week from the entries in our recipe competition. This contest is open to all our readers, so you, too, can enter your favorite recipe and maybe win a cash prize for it.

ALL you have to do to enter our best recipe competition is write out your favorite recipe, attach name and address, and send in to this office.

Every week first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe received and 2/6 consolation prize for every other recipe published.

So send us your recipe now. It may be worth cash to you.

BOILED FRUIT CAKE

One pound mixed fruit, 2 eggs, 5oz. butter, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 cup sugar, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 1 cup water, 1 cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon spice.

Beat eggs until twice their original size. Place fruit, sugar, water and spice in a saucepan. Bring to the boil slowly. Boil 3 minutes. Allow to become almost cold. Add soda to beaten eggs and add to boiled mixture. Sift in flour. Pour into tin lined with paper and bake in oven that has been well heated and gone down to medium heat. Bake from 1½ to 3 hours. This cake has all the richness of a large fruit cake.

First prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Morrison, 107 Edward St., Young, N.S.W.

VEGETABLE CHEESE PIES

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 3oz. butter or good beef dripping, 3oz. sharp cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, paprika, water, 1 cup each of cooked carrots, celery, spinach, 1 tablespoon chopped onion,



MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says: To keep leather suitcases in good condition and to renovate shabby ones, clean and polish with a good shoe cream (left).

WHEN perfume leaves a stain on light woollen materials, remove by rubbing with alcohol or soapy alcohol (above).

dessertspoon vanilla, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup dates (or raisins).

Line pie-plate with pastry, prick, glaze, and bake in hot oven 15 minutes. Grate chocolate, add to milk, heat in double boiler, and beat well. Mix flour, salt, and sugar and blend with chocolate and milk, return to double boiler and cook 10 minutes. Add eggs gradually, cook 2 minutes, add butter and vanilla, turn into the pie shell and chill. Before serving, cover with sweetened cream to which dates and nuts have been added.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. I. Evans, Harvey St., Nallsworth, S.A.

SALMON SCONE WHIRLS

Eight ounces self-raising flour, 3oz. butter, pinch salt, pinch paprika, 1 cup milk, 1 small tin salmon, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup white sauce.

Sift flour, salt and paprika, rub in butter and mix to a soft dough with milk. Roll out to 1-inch thickness and spread with salmon mixed with white sauce, lemon juice and rind. Roll up and cut into slices about one inch thick. Place on a greased tray and cook in a hot oven for about 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Henderson, 27 Minna St., Burwood, N.S.W.

2 chopped tomatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup white sauce.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Rub in butter or dripping and add cheese. Mix to a fairly dry dough with water. Roll and line patty tins with half the mixture. Mix vegetables and sauce and fill each patty tin. Moisten edges of pastry and top with remainder of the pastry. Glaze with milk or egg and lightly sprinkle centre of each pie with paprika. Bake in a hot oven for 10 to 15 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Aileen M. Riordan, Myroclia, Gibbs St., Croydon, N.S.W.

ALMOND FINGERS

Two ounces almonds, 1lb. flour, 1lb. butter, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon sugar, a few drops vanilla, 1lb. icing sugar.

Rub butter into flour well, add sugar and baking powder, and make into a paste with yolk of egg mixed with a tiny drop of milk. Roll out

into thin paste. Take half white of egg and beat to stiff froth, then add icing sugar and spread thinly over paste. Chop almonds very finely and sprinkle over icing. Cut into fingers and bake a light brown in a moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Nuttall, 79 Shakespeare St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

SANTIAGO CHOCOLATE PIE

Quarter-pound shortcrust, 1½oz. chocolate, 1 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 cup sweetened cream, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 egg-yolks, 1

into thin paste.

Here's how to make
delicious smooth
ICE CREAM
every time!

No ice crystals. No stirring while freezing



Hansen's Ice Cream Mix is the one way to make delightful smooth ice cream—free from large ice crystals—with rich flavour and texture. Just mix with milk and cream and freeze. The cost is about half what you pay for ordinary ice cream.

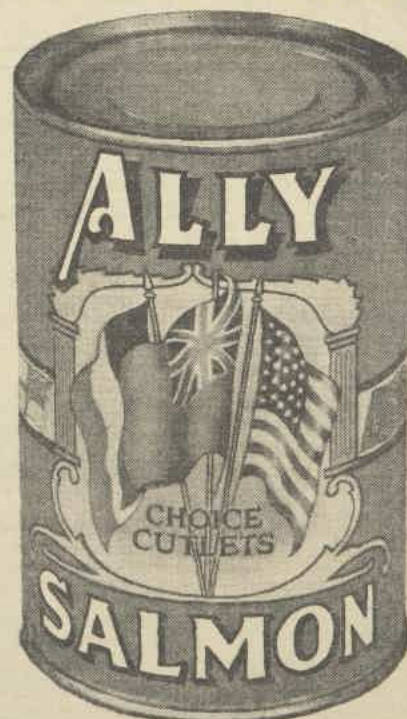
Don't forget
HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS

The world's best
—never fail
—stronger
—more economical



HANSEN'S
ICE CREAM MIX
For automatic refrigerators and hand churns

BEST VALUE FOR MONEY



IT'S FLAVOUR SEALED
In quarter, half and one pound tins

Miss Precious Minutes

TO clean white needlework without washing, soak it overnight in a strong solution of borax and cold water, squeeze out as much water as possible (do not rinse), wrap in a towel for an hour, then iron on the wrong side only. The work will then look like new.

TO clean a mincing machine grind stale pieces of bread through it. This will collect all the stale grease, crumbs and fat. Wipe afterwards with a clean cloth.

TO clean soiled kid gloves quickly sprinkle fine rice or talcum powder thickly over them, rub in, leave for 10 minutes or so, and brush off with a clean brush.

KEEP a separate all-rubber plate-scraper for removing cake mixture, cream, etc., from bowls. Dry carefully after cleansing and keep in an airy place.

WHEN washing windows, mirrors or glassware, a little vinegar or ammonia in the suds will make the glass sparkle brightly.

IF too much blueing has been put into rinsing water add a little ammonia.

FELT hats can be freshened by steaming as you would velvet.

NEW LUNCHEON DISHES ...

● Luncheon is, nowadays, such an important meal. For many women, it is their only opportunity to keep in friendly touch, while, at the same time, making plans for war work. Here are new and different dishes to help you to plan luncheons that are economical and stimulating.

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

YOU'LL not only find them exciting to prepare when you are entertaining friends, but the family when they are home for week-end lunches will love them, too.

POTATO CASSOLETTES

One pound mashed potatoes, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon milk, 3 sliced tomatoes, 1 egg, 1 pint white sauce, 4oz. minced ham, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 cup cooked lentils or picked prawns, lemon wedges, cress, seasoned flour, breadcrumbs.

To mashed potatoes add melted butter and milk and beat until smooth. Season to taste and bind with a little well-beaten egg. Spread on a plate to cool and divide into eight sections. Shape potatoes into rounds, cover with seasoned flour, dip in egg-glazing and toss in breadcrumbs. Fry in deep fat and drain well on crumpled kitchen paper. With a sharp knife cut off small lids and hollow out a portion of the potato. Add ham, cheese, lentils and seasoning to the sauce, and fill cassolettes. Replace lids and surround each with circles of sliced tomatoes. Garnish with cress and lemon wedges.

BRAISED SHEEP'S TONGUES

Four sheep's tongues, 1 pint stock or water, 2 carrots, 2 turnips, 1 onion, 1lb. green peas, 1 dessertspoon fat, 1 dessertspoon flour, salt and cayenne.

Wash tongues, place in tepid stock or water and simmer gently until tender (about 2 hours). Remove skins while still hot. Trim roots and

cut each tongue into slices lengthwise, and serve in a rich, brown sauce with a macedoine of vegetables.

Sauce: Melt fat, add flour, and cook until golden brown. Add stock or water and stir until boiling. Cut up a carrot, turnip, and half an onion, add to sauce and simmer gently for 20 minutes. Strain before using.

Macedoine of Vegetables: Cut remainder of vegetables into small dice and cook in boiling salted water. Drain carefully, toss in a little butter and add green peas which have been cooked in a separate saucepan. Serve with piped mashed potato.

MOCK FISH

Two cups mashed potatoes, 2 eggs separated, 1 dessertspoon anchovy essence, lemon juice, salt and cayenne, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon milk, breadcrumbs, frying fat.

Separate eggs, place white in a greased mould and steam until firm. Add 1 yolk to milk for glazing and the other to potatoes. Beat potatoes until smooth, season and add anchovy sauce, lemon juice and chopped egg-white and flour. Mould with seasoned flour into cutlet shapes, cover with egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs and deep fry a golden brown. Serve garnished with slices of tomato and lemon.

NORFOLK PATTIES AND TOASTED POTATO FLUFF

One and a quarter pounds veal, 3 navel oranges, melted butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 egg-yolk, 1lb. bacon rashers, seasoning.

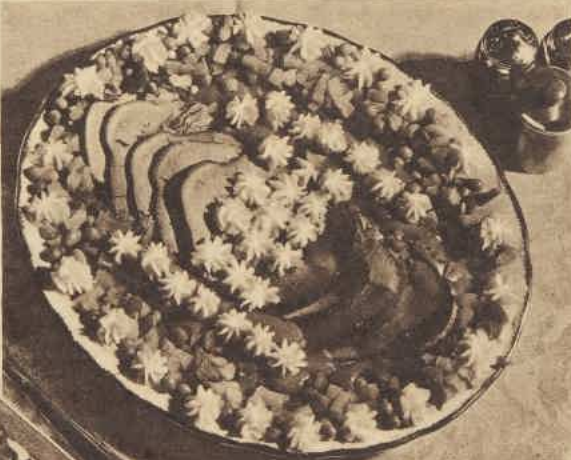
Mince veal finely, add seasoned flour and bind with beaten egg. Shape into thin flat cakes and wrap a rasher of bacon around each one. Secure with a cocktail pick. Place on a greased griller and grill quickly for 2 minutes on each side. Reduce heat and cook, turning frequently, for a further 10 minutes. When almost ready, cut oranges into slices 1/4 in. thick, brush with butter and grill lightly. Serve patties on

HAM RING WITH GREEN PEAS

One dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 1/2 cups cooked green peas, 3 eggs, salt and cayenne, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2 cups finely-chopped ham, breadcrumbs.

Melt butter, add flour, and beat until smooth. Add milk and stir until boiling. Remove from heat and add grated cheese, beaten eggs, salt and cayenne, parsley and ham. Pour into a greased ring tin which has been thickly coated with breadcrumbs. Bake in a moderate oven from 30 to 40 minutes. Turn out onto a hot dish and fill the centre with green peas.

MOCK FISH.
This appetising dish is made with mashed potatoes, eggs, and anchovy sauce. See recipe on this page.



BRAISED sheep's tongues with macedoine of vegetables. This makes an attractive dish when you are entertaining at luncheon.

grilled orange slices garnished with cress or parsley.

Toasted Potato Fluff: Five medium-sized potatoes, 3 tablespoons hot milk, salt and cayenne, 1 stiffly-beaten egg-white, 3 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon butter, paprika.

Cook potatoes until soft and press through a ricer or colander. Add hot milk, butter, and seasonings and beat until smooth. Spread in a shallow, well-greased tart plate, and cover with stiffly-beaten egg-white. Sprinkle thickly with grated cheese and dust with paprika. Bake

five minutes in a hot oven or toast under the griller. Serve immediately.

POTATO CASSOLETTES.
This is the most exciting looking dish, yet it is quite simply made. Recipe on this page.

APPETISING!
— all it wants now is the
HEINZ
MAYONNAISE



There are two ways to get a perfect mayonnaise—(1) make it yourself, or (2) let Heinz make it. Making it yourself involves getting the richest cream—the very freshest of eggs—and other good things like that—and mixing and beating them to the exquisite, smooth creamy texture which is essential. All this trouble, on a hot summer's day, is a thousand and one other things to do, is a weariness and a burden. You can achieve the same result by letting Heinz do the work instead. Heinz Mayonnaise keeps. Taste it once and you'll never waste time making mayonnaise again. Try it at our risk. Get a bottle and use it. If you don't like it, tell your grocer so, when he will give you back, without question, the purchase price in full.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR QUALITY

Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits so popular with everyone — so delicious, crisp and wholesome, contain

1. The whole of the grain of selected wheat which has been grown in special districts for the purpose.
2. The full vitamin protein and mineral salt content of the whole wheat grain.
3. All the elements for tissue replacement and health building in the proper balanced quantities required by the body.

They are non-fattening.

They are a wonderful aid to digestion. This is greatly aided by the natural roughage they contain.

Their analysis reads as follows:—

SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS

72.89% Carbohydrate, 7.44% Protein, 13.3% Fat.

These nice biscuits supply all the essentials to nutrition, in rich abundance. They remain crisp and oven-fresh almost indefinitely as packed in air-tight tins and packets by Arnott's. They are ideal emergency biscuits.



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WITH EARLY MORNING TEA



BENEFICIAL FOR CHILDREN



AT 11 O'CLOCK



AT LUNCH WITH BUTTER & CHEESE



FOR AFTERNOON TEA



FOR SUPPER WITH BUTTER, CHEESE, JAM, OR HONEY



Arnott's

F A M O U S

SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S